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THE

MINSTREL;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

IT is, perhaps, as ridiculous in the obſcure writer of an inſignificant novel, to profeſs that in her fictitious diſcuſſions ſhe meditates no injury to the exiſting government of her country, or its rulers, as it would be in a mole, digging her dark manſion under the baſe of a mountain, to proteſt ſhe had not the leaſt intention to overturn it.

Yet, in a moment pregnant with danger, and general alarm, as it is the known property of fear ſo to diſtort and magnify every object, that even the harmleſs mole ſeeking a habitation, may be miſtaken for a treacherous pioneer; and as all men are ſtepping forth to declare their principles, many probably as obſcure and inſignificant as herſelf; on the juſt conſideration that the ocean is but an aggregate of ſingle drops, the authoreſs of the following pages thinks there will be no impropriety in declaring, that, though neceſſarily led, by the perſonages of her drama, curſorily to introduce ſome ſubjects lately much agitated, and oppoſe opinion by opinion, yet, ſo far was ſhe from intending to join her feeble voice to either of thoſe parties

parties which, at preſent, divide a large proportion of Europe, that her novel was written before thoſe parties had diſplayed themſelves.

A friend to freedom, but an enemy to licentiouſneſs, ſhe contemplates in the happy conſtitution of her native iſland, the beſt exiſting form of government, for promoting the one, and checking the other. That other nations, groaning under the yoke of deſpotiſm, ſhould ſeek to relieve themſelves from the intolerable preſſure, ſhe cannot be ſurpriſed to ſee; and if ſuch revolutions are effected upon liberal principles, conducted with honour and humanity, ſhe will not dare to cenſure. But that a native of Britain, whoſe conſtitution might form a

model for the new legiſlators of other nations, deſirous of framing the minds of their ſubjects, at once, to virtue and freedom, that *he* ſhould wiſh to throw off the mild government of its king, free himſelf from the ſalutary reſtraint of its laws, ſubvert all order, annihilate all ſubordination, that he may ſubject himſelf, his deareſt intereſts, his property, and his life, to the caprice of a lawleſs mob, cannot fail of being matter of amazement to every thinking mind—muſt be deemed the moſt glaring inſanity. Far be it from the author of THE MINSTREL, to ſpread ſuch a deteſtable mania, or contribute to its baneful effects.

Jan. 21, 1792.

THE

THE

MINSTREL.

CHAP. I.

"YOUR grace's eloquence," ſaid, with a ſoft ſmile, the artful and inſinuating St. Julian, "which poſſeſſes the power "to make the weaker cauſe appear the "better argument, has ſo faſcinated "my reaſon, that I have little left "me to reply; and did not the "duty which I owe my patron as "a prince, and the affection which "I bear him, as a man, ſtimulate

" me in defence of his injured rights, I
" muſt have been ſilenced by its irreſiſ-
" tible charms: irreſiſtible, becauſe it
" pleads as much to the eyes as to the
" ears; and the captivated ſoul is un-
" willing to diſcover its pleaſing ſophiſ-
" try, though it perceives it exerted in
" the cauſe of tyranny and uſurpation."

The noble Jaqueline ſmiled—what female ear admits not flattery with an emotion of pleaſure? " Your expreſſions
" are too ſtrong, St. Julian," ſhe replied;
" even now you confeſſed him no uſur-
" per, and ſurely the gentle and pious
" ſoul of Henry cannot be accuſed of
" tyranny."

" Gentle and pious!" repeated the boiſterous Philip—" Yes, by the mo-
" ther of God, we will allow him poſſeſſ-
" ed of thoſe monaſtic virtues, by
" which he is much better qualified
" for the cowl than the crown."

" Peace

"Peace, ſon," interrupted the father, ſeeing an angry ſuffuſion on the cheek of the ducheſs. "I confeſs, ma-
"dam, that Henry is in *himſelf* inca-
"pable of tyranny; for his mind is
"naturally too ſoft, too imbecile for
"even the common exertion of that
"authority to which the duties of his
"ſtation lead him: and this natural
"*defect* (I call it a great one in a man
"born to an office of command) which
"ſhould have been remedied in his
"education, was, moſt unfortunately,
"rendered worſe by it. Schoolmen
"ſhould have nurtured his infancy,
"warriors his youth; here the order
"was reverſed: the gallant Warwick
"was appointed the governor of the
"child, a cardinal became the inſtruc-
"tor of the man:—what was the con-
"ſequence? rendered timid by the
"ſtern frown of the warrior, he dared not
"to think nor to act for himſelf, and the
"aſſuming Wincheſter ſeiſed his daſtard
"ſoul, and ſtamped it with obedience to

" himſelf and the church. His virtues,
" as a *private* man, grew and flouriſhed;
" for they were not incompatible with
" the cardinal's ambition; but deſirous
" of preſerving that power he had ac-
" quired, the artful prelate wilfully
" omitted to warm to life thoſe few active
" principles which lay dormant in the
" breaſt of his nephew, and which would
" have rendered the prince reſpectable,
" and his government popular."

" If the *man* is virtuous, muſt not
" the *prince* be reſpectable?"

" It is by no means a neceſſary con-
" ſequence, madam; for ſome virtues
" which ſhine reſplendently in a private
" ſtation, actually become vices on a
" throne, as they are frequently incom-
" patible with the duties of monarchy,
" or the glory and happineſs of a people.
" Shall he be taught to practiſe ſubordi-
" nation and humility, whom God hath

" appointed

" appointed to govern a nation of
" princes?—The barons of England,
" madam, are all KINGS in their dif-
" tricts; but, as in the great and execu-
" tive parts of government the wills of
" *many* would frequently clash, and be
" productive of discord and confusion,
" they have prudently consented to con-
" verge all the rays of power into *one*
" point, in the person of a monarch,
" who, as general head and commander,
" governs them by laws which they
" themselves have made. If the abilities
" or the courage of this governor be
" inadequate to the post assigned him;
" if he *prays*, when *actions* would be
" more meritorious, *obeys*, when he
" should *command*; and holding the reins
" with a nerveless hand, *occasions* that
" confusion his office was meant to
" *prevent*; weakly, and unjustly per-
" mitting *others* to assume an authority
" delegated only to *himself*, and sanc-
" tioning, with his foolish compli-
" ances, *their* tyranny, who convert

" the ſceptre into a rod of oppreſſion,
" grind the faces of the poor, inſult
" the dignity of the nobles, and tear
" from their brows their well-earned
" honours: if he ſuffers this, he has
" *ſubverted* the purpoſes for which he was
" placed on the throne; and, as *in-*
" *capable* of government, he ought to
" be degraded from it—his office taken
" from him, ſhould be given to one who
" will perform the duties of it."

" This would be to render the
" crown elective."

" Perhaps it might; and were it
" elective, and conſtantly placed on the
" head of him moſt capable of perform-
" ing its duties, the *purpoſes* of the inſti-
" tution of monarchy would be much
" better anſwered; for the king is
" placed in the throne for the general
" benefit of the community; not that
" the community ſhould be ſubſervient

" to

" to the caprice of the king. Tell me,
" madam, I beſeech you, by what au-
" thority proud Henry of Lancaſter
" wreſted the ſceptre from the feeble
" graſp of his couſin Richard? Was it
" not becauſe that prince, more impru-
" dent and warm of heart than reaſon-
" able and juſt, ſuffered, like our preſent
" good but weak monarch, his power to
" be uſurped by his favourites, and his
" people oppreſſed by their cruelty and
" rapacity?——Henry could plead no
" *prior* right"——

"——Was not his grandfather, Lan-
" caſter, privately deprived of his birth-
" right by his parents, who were ſhocked
" at his deformity, and partial to the
" ſuperior perſonal graces of his younger
" brother?"

" A mere old wife's tale, which even
" Henry himſelf was aſhamed of; and
" though he hinted it, in compliance
" with the weakeſt of his counſellors, yet

" he

" he forbore to urge it.—No—he could
" plead no *right* but that from which
" originated the power of all earthly
" monarchs, the free voice of the peo-
" ple chuſing him their governor.—
" The nation rejected the feeble, the
" unſtable, the imprudent Richard,
" and his imperious favourites. We
" have the *ſame* cauſe to wiſh a change,
" with the additional motive of *juſtice*
" to urge it; the injured rights to
" plead of the noble York, the un-
" doubted heir of our glorious third
" Edward; a man, who, if the crown
" was inſcribed TO THE MOST WORTHY,
" might claim it ſuper-eminently by
" his merit; for he is as famous for
" every noble and princely virtue, as
" for his royal extraction; as un-
" daunted in the field as politic in the
" Cabinet: he is devout alſo; but his
" piety is that of the *prince*, and not
" of the *monk*; he is not found in the
" ſacriſty, when he ſhould be at the
" council-

" council-table; or dropping his beads,
" when he ſhould head his armies."

" I am fatigued with the unneceſſary
" panegyric. Surely he himſelf greatly
" doubts the juſtice of that claim to the
" crown which his partizans ſo offi-
" ciouſly and pertinaciously urge for
" him, or he would not, ſo *many* times
" as he hath taken up arms, have laid
" them down ſo quietly."

" It was his paternal affection for
" that country, of which he is the
" natural father, which at ſome times
" drew forth his ſword, to avenge
" her wrongs, and redreſs her grie-
" vances; and at others, ſheathed it
" again, to avoid ſhedding the inno-
" cent blood, which muſt unavoidably
" be ſpilt in the quarrels of princes:
" like the true mother, whom the wiſe
" ſon of David detected by her ten-
" derneſs, he preferred *her good* to his
" *own honour*; and plainly evinced the
" parent,

" parent, by letting it be ſeen, that he
" had rather behold her healthy and
" flouriſhing in the poſſeſſion of an-
" other, than bleeding and mangled in
" his own."

" He ſeems *now* to have forgotten
" that paternal affection."

" There is a point of irritation, ma-
" dam, beyond which human patience
" can no longer exiſt: the inveteracy
" of Margaret, now edged by the birth
" of her ſon—(whether the ſon of *Henry*
" or not, becomes not *me* to enquire)—
" ſtimulates her to thoſe daily affronts,
" which no man of ſpirit can endure;
" and heaven alone knows where the
" conteſt will end."

" It is the *ducheſs* of York, not the
" *duke*, who is ambitious of the crown;
" ſhe is too proud to bow the knee even
" to the conſort of her ſovereign. The
" Nevils,

" Nevils, pardon me, ſir, can brook no
" ſuperior: all muſt bend to their
" haughty will."

" The Nevils, madam, a brave un-
" daunted race of heroes, *can* know FEW
" ſuperiors, and ſcorn to bow the knee
" to the *ermine* of majeſty, when it is the
" covering merely of imbecility and
" folly, or of arrogance and vice."

" Whatever your ſentiments are, ſir,
" methinks the decorum due to my ſex
" might direct you to be decent, when
" you characteriſe my neareſt and
" deareſt friends."

" I moſt humbly crave your grace's
" pardon. It is perhaps becauſe they *are*
" your grace's relations that one ſees
" their faults in a ſtronger point of view,
" as the contraſt of white brightens the
" gloom of black. I am inconſolable in
" having incurred a ſuſpicion of want of

" deference

" deference for your grace, for whom
" my heart is impreſſed with the
" greateſt poſſible reſpect; but my
" warmth hath miſled me, for human
" nature revolts at a cold neutrality
" on *ſuch* a ſubject; *every* heart muſt
" feel itſelf animated with wiſhes for
" one ſide or the other of a queſtion ſo
" *greatly* intereſting."

" And yet," ſaid Philip, who had remarked with jealous eyes the youthful St. Maur, ſeated between the beauteous Eleanor de Longueville, and Mary, the youngeſt daughter of the ducheſs, gaily entertaining them, as if heedleſs of thoſe political ſubjects which had engroſſed the attention of the reſt——
" There *are*, I perceive, thoſe who *can*
" be cold on ſuch a ſubject; and ſuffer
" their minds to be more occupied
" in the important deciſion of the co-
" lour of a ribband, than the charac-
" ters of kings, or the fate of nations."

" If

"If you mean *me*, ſir," replied the generous youth, "it would ill become "a ſimple ſquire, in the preſence of "theſe renowned knights, to decide "on the merits, or the rights of prin-"ces, which I perceive even *their* ex-"perience and judgment cannot adjuſt."

"And yet, with all this affected mo-"deſty, your heart hath, I doubt not, "made its election."

"It hath, Philip, for thoſe I love "and honour had done it firſt. I will "ſupport the cauſe of Henry with my "*ſword*; but, inadequate to the taſk "of diſputation, I will leave the war "of *words* to others, and never mar "a good cauſe by bad arguments; "and I will the rather be ſilent, be-"cauſe I perceive, for want of a proper "education, I ſhould ſtumble at the "threſhold: my plain and ſimple tu-"tor taught, that the nature of truth "is immutable; that no ſtation could

"dignify

" dignify vice, nor any circumſtance
" excuſe falſehood; from theſe principles
" I ſhould have deduced, that the pious
" Henry would not have made a worſe
" prince for being a good man; and that
" not even the princely qualities of the
" duke of York, nor all his boaſt of royal
" anceſtry, could excuſe his perjury, or
" annul thoſe ſolemn oaths of allegiance
" which he hath repeatedly, on the holy
" ſacrament, ſworn to Henry. Nor ſhould
" I have imagined he had been giving
" proofs of paternal tenderneſs to his
" native country, by diſſeminating in it
" the ſeeds of diſcontent; by debauching
" ſubjects from their allegiance, looſing
" every bond of ſociety; and to indulge
" his own ambition, his luſt for rule,
" ſeeking to involve the nation in all
" the horrors of a civil war, and drench
" the land with the blood of thoſe who
" oppoſe him. Conſcious of theſe ideas,
" infuſed into my mind by a man un-
" acquainted with the goſpel of princes,

" ignorant

" ignorant of their *exclusive* right to
" practice *dishonourable* arts, that they
" may be *honourable* men, I dare not
" give an opinion till I feel myself
" better informed—are you satisfied
" with the reasonableness of my ex-
" cuse, Philip?"

" Satisfied?—by the mother of God,
" if you mean to sneer—

" Lady Eleanor have you decided
" upon your colours? I hope soon for
" the honour of knighthood, and then
" shall crave the supreme felicity of
" being permitted to wear them," said St. Maur, purposely disregarding Philip's reply.

" No sir," returned Philip, " lady
" Eleanor will not permit a knight of
" *Henry*'s to wear her colours."

" Why cousin," said lady Eleanor,
" if the young man chuses to wear black,

" or

"or green, or yellow, how ſhall you or "I prevent him?"

"By forbidding him to aſſume "them."

"Indeed, my good couſin, I have "not yet the arrogance to ſuppoſe my- "ſelf a bit better qualified for command, "than this ignorant ſquire is for argu- "ment—Mary, a word in your ear"—

She then entered into a laughing converſation with Mary, to rid herſelf of the impertinence of her couſin; who, with rage in his heart, to which he dared not give vent, yet was unable to ſuppreſs, ſat ſome minutes biting his lips in gloomy ſilence. "Sir," ſaid he, at laſt, to St. Maur, "am I to "conſtrue it into *contempt* of me, or "*fear*, that you trifled, inſtead of re- "plying to what I ſaid?"

"I know

"I know thee, Philip," replied the gallant youth, "to be brave, frank, "generous, and daring—no one can "behold ſuch a character with *con-* "*tempt*—as little can I *fear* thee; for "as man oppoſed to man, my proud "heart would diſdain to ſhrink, though "in conteſt with the nobleſt of all "the noble Nevils, the renowned "Warwick himſelf. Yet, why Philip "ſhould we quarrel, becauſe Lancaſ- "ter and York diſpute? why fill my "lord of Longueville's houſe with diſ- "cord? Let us relinquiſh this irri- "tating ſubject, and occupy ourſelves "in the domeſtic happineſs in which we "are now placed--it will be time enough "when the trumpet calls us to the "field, to ſeek our oppoſite ſtandards "——here is my hand till that mo- "ment——"

"And in that moment," cried Philip, ſlapping his hand into that of the other, "thou ſhalt find my ſword: thou "haſt a gallant ſpirit, and art worthy "of it."

"My

"My nephew is right," ſaid ſir Richard Wodeville, to the earl de Longueville; "we will drop theſe political "ſubjects, in which it is impoſſible we "can agree, till that time comes which "muſt inevitably ſeparate us."

"And *muſt* that time *ever* arrive?" ſaid the amiable counteſs, her fine eyes ſwimming in tears; "am I doomed to ſee "that fatal hour which ſhall diſſolve our "family union, the pride, the happineſs "of my life?—I never can ſurvive it.— "My dear ſiſter," ſaid ſhe to the ducheſs, "though Henry of Lancaſter, and Rich-"ard of York, contend for the throne; "and our huſbands, directed by motives "of gratitude or affection, ſeek oppoſite "ſides, let not *you* and *I* know variance; "quench not in theſe political feuds, the "affection with which, I flatter myſelf, "your heart hath hitherto honoured us; "but, above all, divide not the two ſweet "friends; your Mary and my Eleanor" —tears impeded all further utterance.

The

The ducheſs, with a ſoft and courtly ſmile, made her an anſwer of acquieſcence, but in which an obſerver of penetration might diſcern much more of politeneſs than heart-felt tenderneſs; and ſuch an obſerver was the earl: he roſe, took the hand of his counteſs, which he kiſſed, and then preſſed tenderly between his own—"Be comforted," ſaid he, "my beſt love; "however the public tranquility may "be diſturbed, our *domeſtic* peace will, "I truſt, remain the ſame—at leaſt, "your huſband and your child will "continue unaltered; and ſuffer them "to conſole you for any *relatives*, whom "a ſuperior love of party can tear from "you—*ſuch* are not worthy the name "of *friends*."

On all ſides now were reiterated profeſſions of friendſhip, unſhaken by faction, and firmly braving the ſtorm of public diſcord; profeſſions the oftener

tener repeated, and with more ſeeming energy, as moſt of them were conſcious of an internal abatement of their uſual cordiality; for from this unfortunate evening, the affection which had hitherto united theſe two families, ſuffered conſiderable diminution.

St- Julian, of the Nevil family, and attached to that of York by gratitude, diſliked the ducheſs of Bedford, for the warmth with which ſhe eſpouſed the cauſe of Henry; and all his art was inſufficient to conceal his reſentment, at ſome of her remarks on his party.

The diſlike was reciprocal; the fair Jaqueline of Luxemburg, nearly allied, by her firſt marriage with Beaufort duke of Bedford, to Henry, regarded as *perſonal* affronts, all reflexions on him and his queen; and though St. Julian had artfully qualified all rough charges

charges on her party, by ſoft flattery on herſelf, which ſhe, as a woman, was by no means diſpleaſed with; yet, as ſhe was equally proud of her royal alliance, and vain of her charms, the praiſe which it might be imagined they naturally, by their own power, extorted, was inſufficient to balance her diſpleaſure at his contemptuous picture of Henry, and his malicious hints at the conduct of the queen.

The ſarcaſms of St. Maur had too much truth and good ſenſe in them, not to render their author diſagreeable to St. Julian; through whoſe ſmooth and inſinuating addreſs, that young man diſcerned too much of a bad and unprincipled heart, not to feel for him a reciprocal diſlike.

But between St. Maur and Philip a much more powerful incentive to animoſity ſubſiſted: they both loved

the beautiful daughter of the earl, and though neither had dared to communicate his paſſion to the object of it, but both had endeavoured with the utmoſt care to conceal it from obſervation, the piercing eye of jealouſy had detected it in each other. Philip's heart ſwelled with rage, at the air of courteouſneſs with which Eleanor received the aſſiduities of St. Maur, whilſt St. Maur, at the end of every viſit, was in deſpair, when he reflected that he left his rival under the ſame roof with his miſtreſs; and conſidered the infinite advantages which his conſtant preſence, and the partiality natural to affinity gave him.

Sir Richard Wodeville, the huſband of Jaqueline, ſaw but with her eyes, and was ever diſguſted, or pleaſed, as ſhe expreſſed diſlike, or approbation.

The

The lord of the manſion, the brave earl de Longueville, had a ſoul too ſuperior to the little irritations of faction, to permit a difference of political opinions to ruffle his temper, much leſs alienate his heart. He ſaw all the errors of Henry's weak conduct, and Margaret's violent and deſpotic diſpoſition; he was aware of the juſtice of the duke of York's claim, and ſenſible of his great merit; yet a conſideration of the complicated inconveniences, the miſeries, the horrors in which the ſtruggle of aſſerting his right, and effecting a change, in *itſelf* deſirable, muſt neceſſarily involve the nation, would have effectually withheld him from engaging in it, had not a high ſenſe of honour operated ſtill more powerfully upon his mind; and the obligations which St. Julian and his ſon lay under to the duke of York, determined him to take a more active part, than, unbiaſſed by ſuch a conſideration, he would have done.

St. Julian was brother to the earl's firſt wife, and a relative to the ducheſs of York, who was of the Nevil family. He had, by an early imprudence, diſſipated his paternal inheritance, and now depended on his noble relatives; the duke of York had noticed him and his ſon with peculiar diſtinction; and St. Julian hoped by the exaltation of his patron, to build up his own broken fortunes; *hence* aroſe the warmth, the ſolicitude of a temper ſo ſelfiſh; he ſpared no art of inſinuation and addreſs to draw people to the ſtandard of his party, and he felt an invincible rancour againſt all who oppoſed him.

The mind of the amiable counteſs, occupied in the gentler avocations of her ſex, found no room for political or factious diſcuſſion. Leaving Henry and Richard to aſſert their own claims, ſhe would have preſerved her tranquility

tranquility amidſt the ſtorm, had it not threatened the deſtruction of her domeſtic union, and to tear up from its roots that friendſhip which had hitherto ſubſiſted, inviolate, between her own, and her brother ſir Richard Wodeville's family.

Theſe terrifying apprehenſions, however, ſomewhat alleviated for the preſent, by the general proteſtation of unceaſing amity, which had on all ſides paſt, ſhe promiſed, on the ducheſs's reiterated and preſſing invitation, to be preſent the next week at the marriage of Elizabeth, ſir Richard's eldeſt daughter, with ſir John Grey, of Groby; and the Grafton* family took their leave, with every appearance of their uſual affection; ſave, that they were more profuſe in their expreſſions of it.

* Grafton, a town in Northamptonſhire, in which province the firſt ſcenes of this hiſtory are laid.

CHAP. II.

THE earl de Longueville, his counteſs and daughter, St. Julian and Philip, were, on the day appointed, at Grafton. A large company was there aſſembled, not only of ſir Richard Wodeville's relations, but many of the bridegroom's alſo. The moderation and good ſenſe of the earl, had forbidden his family to wear the invidious diſtinction of party; but he was not ſurpriſed, though St. Julian and his ſon were much diſguſted, at ſeeing the whole company adorned with the roſe of Lancaſter.

The artful prudence of St. Julian, however, checked his own reſentment,

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as well as the impetuous zeal of his ſon; the ſtrangers were introduced to each other; all went in proceſſion to church; the young ladies attired in a kind of uniform, in fine white rochets *; and the marriage was celebrated with more of feſtivity than pomp; for as the ducheſs could not realize her own high ideas of grandeur on the event, ſhe waved all pretenſions to it, and ſuffered the young people to be happy their own way. Smiling gaiety, and laughing mirth crowned the board; on all ſides darted ſparkling wit, and ſportive good humour; party was forgotten, and nothing could be more charming than the general expreſſion of pleaſure on every countenance.

After the noon feaſt in the hall, ſome of the young ones withdrew, and

* A dreſs not much unlike the preſent ploughman's frock.

ſoon appearing again characteriſtically dreſſed, preſented a maſque with much fancy and propriety; wherein Cupid, and Hymen, Mars and Minerva, Plutus and Fame, made their reſpective ſpeeches to the bride and bridegroom, and crowned them with their various honours. Dancing and muſic concluded the feſtivity of the day; all the minſtrels from the neighbouring noble families were aſſembled, and the high roof echoed to the heavenly melody of their harps. Among them was the minſtrel of the lord de Longueville, who excelled his brethren as much in harmony of ſound, and ſublimity of ſong, as the ſhrill voiced meſſenger of morn is ſurpaſſed by the ſweet warbler of eve.

Nor did the beauteous Eleanor diſdain to join the ſweetneſs of her voice to theirs, in a ſong compoſed in honor of the day; and at the requeſt of Mary, was

was prevailed upon to diſplay her powers on the harp. Had not the inſtrument diſcourſed ſuch heavenly muſic, her blooming and elegant figure, her fine ſhaped arms, her ſnowy ſlender fingers, rapidly ſweeping the trembling ſtrings, and animating them with the ſoul of harmony, muſt have deeply intereſted every ſpectator: but the muſical performance of Eleanor was worthy her maſter, the venerable Fronſac; who perceiving in her an early taſte for the ſcience, cultivated it with with aſſiduity, and taught her with delight. When but a child, ſhe could play admirably, and with an extraordinary tenacioufneſs of memory recite his ſongs; to which ſhe afterwards added many of her own, for her genius was as poetic as muſical, and her invention and ingenuity kept pace with both.

The next morning was deſtined to entertainment of another kind; ſir Richard, to indulge the deſires of his ſons, and the young gentlemen who attended the nuptials, proclaimed a tournament; and every thing being prepared, fifteen youths, habited as ſquires, led into the great court each an horſe, handſomely capariſoned; at the ſame time, from the great hall, advanced fifteen young ladies, leading by a chain of ribband, each a gentleman, habited as a knight. The ladies now looſed their captives from their pleaſing bondage, who kiſſing the ſnowy hand which gave them liberty, tied his ſilken fetters round his arm, and prepared to aſſert, by arms, the ſuperior beauty of her who had impoſed them. The ladies ſeated themſelves round the court, the knights mounted their ſteeds, and the juſts began.

Though

Though theſe juſts were intended merely as ſportive, yet, the ſpirit of emulation firing each youthful boſom, the wiſh to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the eyes of her whoſe fetters he wore, and the contention for the meed of victory, which was a chaplet of beautiful flowers from the hand of the bride, was as great as if it had been a wreath of diamonds. All educated and exerciſed in arms, adroit and agile in their uſe; yet were all excelled by St. Maur and Philip: and each of theſe in their turn, having made all the reſt ſubmit to their ſuperior ſkill and addreſs, it remained now only to decide between the two victors.

Philip had, in the morning, rudely inſiſted upon wearing the colours of Eleanor, which had been as warmly conteſted by St. Maur; the deciſion was referred to Eleanor herſelf; who, with a youthful indiſcretion, made her election

election in favour of St. Maur, with ſuch vivacity, as implanted the furies of hatred and revenge againſt that gallant youth, in the breaſt of her couſin; who immediately offered his ſervices to another young lady, Blanche du Gange, and was readily accepted.

Philip thus impelled to the conteſt by rage and jealouſy; and love firing St. Maur with the ardent wiſh to approve himſelf worthy the honour of Eleanor's diſtinction, the onſet was begun with fury on the ſide of Philip, received and returned by St. Maur with a firm and temperate courage; who ſoon perceived they were at no boys' play, but that his antagoniſt actually aimed at his life.

The ladies had found much amuſement and pleaſure in the preceding conteſts of the knights; which had generally ended by the ſhivering of a lance

lance, or the unhorſing of an adverſary; but this began to wear too ſerious an aſpect, and a general alarm ran through the aſſembly; the ſpears of the combatants were broken, they were both unhorſed, and the ſwords were now taken to decide the diſpute: the conteſt appeared nearly equal; the robuſt Philip had rather the advantage in ſtrength, St. Maur in ſkilfulneſs and agility.

The ducheſs roſe, and called to them to deſiſt—"See," ſaid Philip, tauntingly, "your aunt is coming to reſcue you from "me." This invidious conſtruction fired St. Maur to an almoſt equal degree of rage with himſelf; the conteſt grew more furious, till at length St. Maur wounded and diſarmed his adverſary, but not till he had himſelf received a dangerous wound.

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The whole company was thrown into confuſion; St. Maur was hurried off by his aunt, to have his wound dreſſed, which friendly office was likewiſe tendered to Philip, but he ſullenly and obſtinately refuſed. St. Julian, afflicted at his ſon's misfortune, and enraged at its author, endeavoured to irritate the earl at this wanton and unprecedented breach of hoſpitality, as he termed it; and was too ſucceſsful, for that nobleman, ſtudious himſelf of every nice point of honour, was apt to reſent the neglect of it in others: he had not been ſufficiently attentive to the beginning of the combat, to obſerve who had been the *original* aggreſſor; St. Julian aſſured him it was St. Maur, he credited the aſſertion, and, with a paſſionate precipitancy, very unuſual with him, inſiſted that the counteſs and his daughter ſhould immediately prepare for their departure. They were filled with unſpeakable

unſpeakable regret, but neither would heſitate to obey the command, the only unpleaſant one from him, either had ever received.

The eyes of the counteſs were filled with tears, Eleanor ſunk, half-fainting into the embraces of Mary, but was conſtrained to tear herſelf from them; Philip was lifted into a litter: his father had ſtaunched his wounds; but he had already bled ſo much, that he fainted ere their arrival at the caſtle of Longueville.

For ſeveral days, Philip continued in a very weak and doubtful ſtate, during which the agonies St. Julian endured for this his only ſon, rendered him an object of tender attention to both the earl and counteſs; and even Eleanor, though ſhe greatly diſliked the ſon, yet commiſerated the ſorrows of the father, and endeavoured as much as was in her power to conſole him.

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That artful man ſaw the advantage which pity gave him in hearts ſuch as theirs, and made uſe of that tender paſſion to blow to a flame reſentment, not only againſt the author of his ſorrows, but the whole Grafton family, particularly the ducheſs, its guiding ſtar. But the counteſs, though greatly irritated againſt St. Maur, by his malignant inſinuations, would liſten to no invidious repreſentations of the ducheſs.

Educated in courts, the accompliſhed Jaqueline had carried into her retirement that courteouſneſs, that urbanity, thoſe poliſhed manners, which had early diſtinguiſhed her in the eyes of princes, which were able to caſt a bewitching veil over every female defect, give charms to a moderate underſtanding, and render even levity and frivolity intereſting.

Charmed

Charmed with her elegance and refinement, the counteſs, whoſe ſoul was a ſtranger to envy, regarded her as of a ſuperior order of beings; and conſcious that ſhe herſelf, educated in a remote province, and immerſed all her life in ſolitude, wanted much of that graceful eaſe which diſtinguiſhed the ducheſs, ſhe cultivated her friendſhip with the more aſſiduity, as their intimacy afforded her darling Eleanor all the advantages of poliſhed ſociety.

Maud de Longueville perfectly knew, for ſhe poſſeſſed them all, how to inſtil into the infant mind of her child every virtue: ſhe early acquainted her with the pureſt principles of religion and morality, and breathed into her ſoul that ardent charity, that univerſal benevolence, which glowed with true chriſtian intenſeneſs in her own expanded heart: but not ſatisfied with rendering this

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gem ineſtimable in *intrinſic* value, ſhe called in the aid of the ducheſs to give it its enchanting poliſh; and happily ſhe judged: for lovely as nature had formed the perſon of Eleanor, and no leſs beautiful as the maternal precepts had rendered her ſoul, it was to the ducheſs ſhe was indebted for that nameleſs grace which accompanied every movement, which gave charms inexpreſſible to the moſt trifling action and expreſſion, added new allurements to beauty, and to virtue attractive graces.

But in the earl, St. Julian did not find equal partiality for Jaqueline of Luxemburg. Deeper read in the human heart, and valuing more the *virtues*, than the *ornaments* of the mind, his pentrating eye had diſcovered under the poliſhed exterior of the ducheſs, not only pride and ambition, but alſo, which diſguſted him much more

more than all, that her complaiſance and winning ſoftneſs concealed a heart cold and inſenſible to every thing but her own intereſt, and that of her family; that ſhe really regarded the more valuable, though leſs dazzling qualities of the counteſs with contempt, and looked upon Eleanor with an eye of diſlike, for aiming at an equality with her own daughters: ſuperior to them, all charming as ſhe was, it was ſcarcely poſſible to be; for the lovely offspring of Jaqueline inherited all her attractions, and Elizabeth, her eldeſt daughter, was, for perſon and accompliſhments perhaps the firſt woman in the kingdom.

With theſe prejudices on the earl's mind againſt the ducheſs, St. Julian found it no difficult taſk to impreſs on it ſtill more unfavourable ideas: he artfully heightened venial offences into unpardonable crimes, and having by rude

rude anſwers to ſome civil meſſages, ſent from Grafton to learn the ſtate of Philip's and the family's health after the rencounter, irritated the ducheſs, who did not eaſily excuſe want of reſpect, and knew not from whom they came; he effectually prevented the two families from meeting, which had they done, they might poſſibly have explained away the mutual offence they had taken at each other. But now each ſuppoſing they had reaſonable cauſe of complaint, and neither caring to advance towards a reconciliation, cooled alſo, as they were, by a difference in political principles, all correſpondence dropt between them, and they ſaw each other no more.

Complaiſance to a huſband ſhe fondly loved, induced the counteſs to aſſume an air of tranquility; but ſhe privately lamented the family eſtrangement; and Eleanor mingled her tears with

with thoſe of her mother. She fondly loved the whole Grafton family; but to be torn from Mary was agony—of St. Maur ſhe made no mention, yet combined in the ſame idea of amity, Mary's image ſeldom preſented itſelf unaccompanied by his. St. Julian and Philip were perpetually declaiming on his inveteracy to her family, and they were too warm and deciſive for her to contradict them; yet ſhe knew that he had been always tenderly aſſiduous in his behaviour to herſelf, reſpectfully attentive to her parents, and if he diſliked Philip, ſhe could not greatly blame him, ſince ſhe was herſelf conſcious of the ſame ſentiment.

St. Maur was nephew to the ducheſs, had been brought up with her own children, ſo that Eleanor had known him from her infancy: ſhe had always been diſtinguiſhed by him from the reſt of

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the girls, and affection for him had grown with her growth, and woven itſelf into the very web of her exiſtence: ſhe cheriſhed the innocent partiality, and called him brother.

It was to Philip ſhe was indebted for a more accurate developement of her ſentiments. That young man, with his father, had been chiefly reſident with the duke of York; but, St. Julian thinking it neceſſary to make De Longueville a viſit, to ſecure him to his patron's intereſt, had brought his ſon with him; Philip found Eleanor's attractions irreſiſtible, and on his recovery, perſuading his father to propoſe him to De Longueville, as a huſband for her, Eleanor diſcovered that ſhe had not a heart to beſtow.

St. Julian had, indeed, been induced by the importunities of his ſon, to ſolicit the

the earl in favour of his paſſion; but he had very unwillingly undertaken the taſk, expecting to be repulſed with indignation by De Longueville, for propoſing ſo unequal an alliance. The earl ſaw his repugnance; generous and diſintereſted himſelf, he imputed it to the nobleſt motives; and imagined that nothing but tenderneſs for a darling child, juſt receding from the grave, and ſcarcely yet out of danger of it, could have overcome his independent ſpirit, and forced him to make an overture which wore an intereſted appearance.

De Longueville beheld Philip in a favourable point of view: he ſaw him rough, petulant, ferocious; but, at the ſame time, generous, open, diſintereſted; fearing death leſs than diſhonour, and deteſting ingratitude more than vice. Experiencing continually the deceitfulneſs of mankind, the earl loved and reſpected the honeſt plain-

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neſs of a character which knew no art, and diſdained all diſguiſe, which ſuffered its unamiable qualities perpetually to appear, and was never ſolicitous to diſplay its pleaſing ones.—He, therefore, gave no unfavourable anſwer to St. Julian, but ſaid, that as he had a very high opinion of his daughter's diſcretion and good ſenſe, ſhe ſhould decide in a matter which ſo deeply concerned her own happineſs; that he never would force her hand into that of a man ſhe diſliked, nor violently withhold it from him ſhe loved.

Nothing could be more truly paternal than this anſwer, nor more generous to a man who poſſeſſed not even a cottage he could call his own; yet was not St. Julian ſatisfied with it: he had plainly diſcerned, not only St. Maur's paſſion for Eleanor, but alſo, what Eleanor had not herſelf diſcovered

vered, her paſſion for St. Maur; and he ſaw in it the probable diſappointment of his ſon's wiſhes. Theſe diſcoveries, however, he was ſo far from imparting to the generous de Longueville, that he determined to bury them in eternal ſilence, and ſet himſelf warily and ſecretly, to counteract all their effects.

Philip grew every day better, and at length being able to leave his room, and having the permiſſion of the earl, he made his propoſals, in form, to Eleanor. The anſwer he received was ſoft and gentle, but contained a firm and determined denial.

Irritated at the idea that her partiality for St. Maur had occaſioned him this diſappointment, he ſtormed inſtead of lamenting, and ſcolded, when in ſoft and honied words he ſhould have endeavoured to conciliate; the conſe-

quence was, that inſtead of being melted to pity for ſufferings pathetically depicted, which a more ſkilful lover would have attempted to effect, ſhe was fixed in her refuſal, as much from reſentment at his ill-timed anger, as from previous diſlike.

Philip flew to his father, to whom he communicated all that had paſſed. St. Julian, cool and artful, ſaw his ſon's error, and pointed it out to him; but finding him incapable of taking his advice, he undertook himſelf the taſk of rectifying it. He ſought out Eleanor, whom he found at her harp compoſing her ſpirits, which had been greatly ruffled by the interview with her violent lover: with tenderneſs in his looks, eloquence in his manner, and pathos in his language, St. Julian apologized for his ſon, and lamented his unfortunate paſſion.

Young

Young people are ever the ſlaves of appearance: with them the flowers of rhetoric are more predominating than reaſon; ſoftneſs, gentleneſs, complaiſance, more conciliate the affections than real unornamented merit: —it is the age of *fancy* and deception.

Eleanor was melted even to weeping at the affecting picture which St. Julian, with all the heightenings of art, drew of his ſon's ſufferings; and her compaſſion extorted from her a promiſe to hear with patience his complaints, and ſuffer him to talk to her of that love, without which he declared he regarded exiſtence but as a curſe; "On his life the happineſs of "a father," ſaid St. Julian, "hangs." Compaſſion to that father, more than Philip, extorted it, for ſhe could not ſee unmoved his ſtreaming tears, when on his knees he beſought her to commiſerate a parent's ſorrows, who be-

held his darling, his *only* ſon, the *laſt* remaining good which fortune had left him, the *ſole* prop of his age, the *ſingle* and *ſolitary* joy of his heart, on the brink of deſpair and death.

She even went ſo far as to promiſe to give Philip a chance by time and aſſiduities to win her heart; but all the eloquence of St. Julian was ineffectual to procure him a hope of probable ſucceſs; and obliged to be ſatisfied, he went to conſole his ſon with the intelligence. Philip was in rapture at her conceſſions, and vowing to regulate himſelf by the advice of his father, he became, by a more moderate behaviour, and a gentler diſplay of his paſſion, much more tolerable to Eleanor, though ſtill far—*very far* from gaining any place in her heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

WHILE theſe affairs were agitating at the caſtle of Longueville, the tempeſt of civil diſcord, which had long rolled its thunders at a diſtance, and threatened this devoted country, became more violent; and every thinking mind, anticipating its horrors, trembled at its perceptible approach.

A ſeeming reconciliation, indeed, had ſome ſhort time before taken place, between the duke of York and the reigning family: and in order to publiſh to the people the general harmony, a ſolemn proceſſion to St. Paul's

church had been made, when the duke of York led queen Margaret, and the leaders of the oppoſite parties marched hand in hand; for the leſs there ſubſiſted of real cordiality, the more ſolicitous were they to preſerve the exterior *appearance* of amity.

But, alas! had the principals themſelves been ſincere, they would have found all their influence ineffectual to bridle the paſſions and animoſities of their followers, or to conciliate the affections of the factious nobles to each other: irritated by mutual reproaches and ill offices, the quarrel was become their own; ſtrong and uncontrollable prejudices were awakened, paſſions heated: public diſagreements engendered private hatred; and every frivolous diſpute was deemed a ſufficient apology for taking up arms.

One of the royal retinue inſulted one of the earl of Warwick's; their companions on both ſides took part in the quarrel; a fierce combat enſued; the earl apprehending his life aimed at, fled to his government of Calais; and both parties, in every county in England, openly made preparations for deciding the conteſt by arms.

The high-ſpirited independent barons, bred to war in the armies which had for ſo many years been employed in France, and diſmiſſed by a peace, which they deemed diſhonourable, were now retired to their country manſions, turbulent, reſtleſs, diſſatisfied; theſe embraced, with fierce and gloomy pleaſure, an opportunity of caſting off their unaccuſtomed and painful indolence, and liſted themſelves under the oppoſite banners.

Affairs ſeemed every hour to be

drawing nearer to a criſis: St. Julian had letters to inform him that the earl of Saliſbury was in arms; he was impatient to join him; and had the addreſs to prevail upon de Longueville to accompany himſelf and Philip, in deſpite of the tears and intreaties of the counteſs and Eleanor. Philip had gained but little ground in the heart of the latter; his natural turbulence too often predominated over his aſſumed gentleneſs, to permit his rivalling St. Maur in her affections, who ſhe heard was with ſir Richard and his ſons, preparing to join the royal army; and ſhe could not repreſs a ſigh, when ſhe reflected on the dangers of war, and the probability that ſhe ſhould never behold him again.

At length the day was fixed for de Longueville's joining Saliſbury, who was haſtening to the general rendezvous at Ludlow, where it was expected

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that his ſon Warwick would join him, with a choice body of veterans from Calais, by whoſe aſſiſtance it was not doubted but Henry would be with eaſe precipitated from the throne.

The morning before their departure, as Eleanor and the counteſs were croſſing the hall, St. Julian entered, followed by ſeveral ſervants, bringing in a wounded man. He deſired the preſence of the earl, and then ſaid, as he was walking in a grove in the precincts of the caſtle, he perceived this man on the ground, and another by him dead; that he had not enquired into the occaſion of this incident, but intreated the earl to inveſtigate it, as it might probably be of conſequence to him.

The man was interrogated, when he ſaid, that as himſelf, and two other men were walking, they found themſelves ſuddenly attacked by a party of

ſoldiers, at the head of whom was a nephew of the ducheſs of Bedford, the chevalier St. Maur; at the firſt onſet they wounded one ſoldier, and the commander perceiving that he had miſtaken the perſons, led off his party, leaving their companion: his own companions had alſo run off, without perceiving he had received ſome deſperate wounds, which rendered him unable to accompany them: thus left alone with the expiring ſoldier, he, in his laſt moments, confeſſed to him, that his maſter, St. Maur, hearing that the earl de Longueville, St. Julian, and his ſon, were that morning to ſet out on their way to the army, he had, with a party of ſoldiers, laid in wait to intercept them; ſwearing that not a man of them ſhould be left alive.

Aſtoniſhment ſeized all the hearers, at the recital of ſuch an atrocious attempt; but who can deſcribe the conſternation

ſternation and horror of Eleanor? ſhe ſhivered as if ſhook with an ague, threw her arms about her father, but inſtead of congratulating him on the eſcape, her words were loſt in ſobs; and had not a flood of tears relieved her ſwollen heart, ſhe muſt have fainted on his boſom.

He preſſed her warmly to his heart; "Thou art ſhocked," ſaid he, "my "deareſt child, at perceiving the baſe- "neſs of this man: alas, my Eleanor! "ſuch is the world, that thy growing "years will unmaſk to thee many an "ulcerated heart under the faireſt ap- "pearances: That thy innocence "ſhould be miſled into a partial opi- "nion of his merit, I cannot wonder, "ſince my experience of the treachery "of mankind had not guarded me "againſt his ſpecioufneſs."

Philip, who had hitherto looked up

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to St. Maur with extorted admiration, and ſuppoſed him incapable of any action inconſiſtent with virtue and honour, was equally ſurpriſed, but was not ſenſible of equal regret: he rejoiced in the degradation of ſo potent a rival; and ſecure in the delicacy of ſoul, and the filial affection and duty of Eleanor, he triumphed in conſcious ſuperiority to that man whom he before regarded with envy.

St. Julian ſaw in Eleanor's exceſſive grief, the ſevere conflict of paſſion and virtue; and very artfully brought his eloquence in aid of the latter: he inveighed with virtuous indignation againſt the atrocity of St. Maur's conduct, which he placed in every varied, diſgraceful, and irritating point of view —painted in glowing colours the principles of a man of true honour, and was energetic in the cauſe of virtue.

Eleanor

Eleanor liſtened to him with attention: no eloquence was neceſſary to awaken in her pure ſoul a deteſtation of vice or a love of virtue; but to combine the idea of St. Maur with vice, diſgrace, diſhonour, was attempting to form a junction with things incongruous, with the very *oppoſites* of nature; light and darkneſs could as eaſily be conjoined, fire and water dwell together in as much harmony—alas! and yet it muſt be ſo; new combinations of ideas muſt be formed, and affections which were twined round her heart amidſt the firſt perceptions of infancy, and become a part of her exiſtence, muſt be torn thence—what a taſk for a young mind!

The morning after this incident, de Longueville, St. Julian, and Philip, with all the feudal tenants and vaſſals of the former capable of bearing arms, forſook their peaceful manſions, and in a few days joined the venerable

earl

earl of Saliſbury, to whoſe ſmall army this additional force was highly acceptable.

The two earls had been comrades in arms under the gallant Henry; affection and manly tenderneſs marked their greetings; the tedious march was beguiled by a converſation of former events; they talked of days of happineſs which were for ever flown; and lamented glories, now ſet in everlaſting darkneſs.

But when they reached Blore-heath, on the borders of Staffordſhire, they found themſelves unexpectedly overtaken by one of Henry's generals, lord Audley, who commanded an army greatly ſuperior in number to that of Saliſbury. Nothing diſcouraged, theſe veterans, a hoſt in themſelves, ſupplied every deficiency by ſkill and ſtratagem.

The

The armies were ſeparated by a ſmall river, with ſteep banks. Saliſbury, feigning a panic at reconnoitring the force of the enemy, which was drawn up in great parade on the oppoſite meadow, ſounded a retreat; and conducted it in excellent order, though with every external appearance of flight.

Audley gave immediate command to paſs the river, and purſue the fugitives: the moment our crafty veteran perceived the van had reached the ſhore next him, in great diſorder, whilſt the rear was ſtill on the other ſide of the river—he ſuddenly wheeled back upon them: confuſion, rout, and ſlaughter enſued; a compleat victory was obtained, and Ludlow entered in triumph; where were aſſembled the duke of York, with a noble army, the gallant Warwick with his veterans, commanded

manded by ſir Andrew Trollop; and almoſt all the chiefs of the party.

The earl de Longueville was received by the duke of York with the utmoſt courteſy; his character, high in arms, and reſpectable for virtues, was thought an additional honour to the party:—the houſe of Nevil, the great ſupport of York, prided themſelves on this acquiſition, effected by the influence of their kinſman, and regarded it as giving St. Julian a ſtill higher claim to favour.

The royal army approached. All was ſpirited preparation for the enſuing battle, which it was imagined would prove deciſive of the grand conteſt, and either encircle the brows of York with a golden diadem, or end his pretenſions to it.

The evening cloſed with this expectation:

tation: the contending hoſts were encamped ſo near each other, that the advanced centinels could almoſt hear the whiſpers of each other's watch;—ſteed neighed againſt ſteed;—and the armourers cloſing up rivets in the accoutrements of the knights, gave ſignal of general preparation.

By degrees their labour ceaſed, a general ſtillneſs prevailed; and both armies ſeemed to reſign themſelves to that repoſe, ſo neceſſary to renovate their ſpirits and ſtrength for the important exertions of the enſuing day.

The duke of York had alſo thrown himſelf on his couch, and vainly courted ſleep, as a momentary oblivion of thoſe anxieties which oppreſſed him.

Nothing could be more amiable than the natural temper of this prince. In his government of France, he not only

only evinced great courage and diſtinguiſhed abilities, but alſo the utmoſt prudence and mildneſs of diſpoſition. Early recalled from that command by the intrigues and ſuperior intereſt of the duke of Somerſet, he had yet an opportunity in Ireland, of diſplaying the ſame virtues; for being ſent there to quell a rebellion, he had the happineſs, whilſt his rival was loſing Normandy, and all our remaining poſſeſſions in France, not only to ſubdue the inſurgents, but by the moderation of his conduct, and the ſweetneſs of his manners, to attach them, as well as the whole Iriſh nation, to his perſon and family.

In right of his mother he plainly ſtood, in the order of ſucceſſion to the crown, *before* Henry, being deſcended from the *ſecond* ſon of Edward the third; the houſe of Lancaſter from the *third* ſon of that monarch: but had he not

not been ſtimulated by characters much more ambitious than his own, the nation would not have been diſturbed by his pretenſions.

He had married a Nevil, one of the moſt potent, opulent, and noble in all its numerous branches, of any family in the kingdom; and at the ſame time the moſt graſping, turbulent, and ambitious.—The ducheſs of York was daughter to the late earl of Weſtmoreland, and ſiſter to the earl of Saliſbury; her brother and nephews proud of the alliance, ſought by her aggrandizement to lift themſelves ſtill higher in power. The title of queen ſeduced her; ſhe joined her influence over her huſband's mind with that of her family, for its attainment:—her ſons were educated in the ſame ambitious deſires; the moderation of the duke had been ſhaken by the general aſſault: but though he had been repeatedly impelled to take up arms,

arms, it was always, on his own part, declaredly for a redreſs of thoſe grievances under which the people laboured, and for the reformation of a government at once weak and tyrannical. To evince inconteſtibly that thoſe motives *alone* governed him, when a parliament was aſſembled to conſider the ſtate of the nation, on Henry's falling into a diſtemper, which increaſed his natural imbecility, and rendered him incapable of maintaining even the appearance of royalty;—when this parliament created York protector, and proved by unanimouſly conferring ſovereign authority on one who had ſuch evident and ſtrong pretenſions to the crown, that its members were not averſe to his taking immediate poſſeſſion of it; then, when he might have ſlept quietly into the throne, he contented himſelf with the mere office of protector; deſired that it might be recorded in parliament, that his autho-

rity

rity was conferred upon him on their own free motion, without any application on his part; expreſſed his wiſh that they would aſſiſt in the exerciſe of it; made it a condition of his compliance, that thoſe lords, who had been nominated his counſellors, ſhould alſo accept, and exerciſe *their* commiſſion; and required that all the powers of his office ſhould be ſpecified and defined by act of parliament.

Thus moderate was the duke of York, left to the dictates of his own noble nature; thus incapable of violence or injuſtice: and how much it is to be lamented, that he was not always conſiſtent with himſelf: happy had it been for the nation if in that criſis of public affairs, ſo favourable to his ambition, he had ſtill liſtened to its dictates; or in moments leſs propitious been deaf to them! What animoſities, what commotions, what wars,

what

what a deluge of blood, would have been ſpared this unhappy kingdom!

Occupied by theſe painful reflexions; torn by the remorſe of a generous and humane diſpoſition, on perceiving itſelf the ſource of public diſcord and calamity, ſleep was a ſtranger to his eyes: when on a ſudden, a noiſe in the camp ended his reverie, and claimed all his attention. Apprehending an attack from the enemy, he ſtarted from his couch, and awoke his eldeſt ſon, the earl of March, who ſlept near him. They liſtened—they heard the tread of diſtant ſteps—the ſound of horſes' hoofs!—the ſoldiers near him were awakened, the alarm was given through the camp, and the great leaders of the ſeveral bands armed themſelves haſtily, and hurried to their general's tent.

But Warwick and Trollop were not among

among them; who, the one with his weſtern ſoldiers, and the other with his band of veterans, were incamped at ſome diſtance: the duke was alarmed, the noiſe came from their quarter, and he feared ſome fatal event.

At length Warwick appeared, but pale, and ſpeechleſs with rage; and it was ſome moments before he could inform them, that Trollop had revolted to the enemy, and carried his forces to the royal camp.

This was a ſtroke as ſevere as unexpected: from this reinforcement, of a band of men bred in arms, and grown grey beneath a helmet, every thing had been expected: in the ſame proportion therefore, was the balance thrown into the oppoſite ſcale——and who could confide in the faith of the remaining forces?

All

All looked at each other with ſuſpicion and diſmay—the fierce eye of Warwick ſcowled gloomily round—he held himſelf diſgraced by the perfidy of ſir Andrew, whom he had brought from Calais, and for whoſe honour he would have pledged his own——

——"Deceived in *him*," he cried, "whom now ſhall I truſt, my lord?" ſaid he to York, who ſat penſively muſing, "hazard no battle till you are "well aſſured of the good faith of "thoſe around you;—it is not pro-"bable that *one* man ſhould alone be "corrupted—there are other perfidi-"ous hearts under fair appearances."

"My ſon counſels well, my lord;" ſaid Saliſbury; "this incident has de-"ſtroyed that firm confidence in each "other's honour, which is neceſſary "to give ſucceſs to our cauſe. Trea-

"ſon

" ſon is abroad, which perhaps will not
" be diſcovered till the moment of battle,
" to render your defeat the ſurer. Eſ-
" cape then from the hidden ſnare;
" your friends will not deſert your inte-
" reſt; your enemies, now concealed,
" will wear the maſk no longer; we
" will retire to our reſpective places of
" ſafety, and there we will not be idle,
" but prepare for a more propitious hour."

This advice was followed. Ere the ſun roſe, the leaders had diſbanded their adherents, and diſperſed themſelves.—The duke of York betook himſelf to Ireland; Warwick, Saliſbury, the earl of March, and many of the principal chiefs, to Calais; de Longueville, his brother, and nephew, returned to the earl's ſeat.

This adventure, ſo ingloriouſly ended, diſguſted de Longueville: he diſdained a cauſe in which he perceived its parti-

zans actuated more by the ſpirit of turbulence and faction, than by a ſentiment of honour and juſtice. He reproached St. Julian for drawing him into it, he reproached himſelf for being perſuaded to join it, and he entered his caſtle gates with a firm reſolve never more to paſs them with a ſword drawn in civil conteſt.

He was received with tranſport by his wife and daughter; they congratulated themſelves on an incident which had occaſioned him ſuch mortification; and heard, with an exceſs of joy, his reſolution never more to leave them on a like occaſion. They learnt that the Wodevilles were returned to Grafton, for the loyal army was alſo diſbanded, and peace ſeemed to hover with her dove-like wings over the nation. Alas! the vultures of diſcord and faction ſoon chaſed her far away; nor was her bleſt return witneſſed, but at ſhort intervals, for many bloody years.

In this interval of civil ſtrife, Philip ceaſed not to teaze his couſin with declarations of that paſſion which was now become inſupportable to her, by his continually mingling invectives againſt St. Maur with his profeſſions of love to herſelf;—and when ſhe, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt unequivocal terms, rejected his ſuit, by maliciouſly hinting that partiality for the intentional aſſaſſin of her father, was the reaſon of her averſeneſs to him. She complained of him to her father, who aſſured her that her choice ſhould never be conſtrained; that ſhe ſhould be at liberty to chooſe Philip, or refuſe him, as beſt accorded with her inclination. St. Julian tryed in vain the powers of his eloquence; ſhe began to perceive in him more of art than of tenderneſs; and though ſhe liſtened to him with complaiſance, he neither convinced her reaſon, nor affected her heart.

CHAP. IV.

THE Yorkiſts were now again in motion. Warwick, with ſome ſhips from Calais, had been very ſucceſsful at ſea; he was daily expected to land his forces, and the mal-contents, all over the kingdom, were preparing to join him.

Again St. Julian and his ſon attempted to credit themſelves with their party, by prevailing on de Longueville to accompany them; but he with unſhaken firmneſs repulſed all farther connections with any party: he was equally inflexible with regard to Eleanor, when Philip intreated his intereſt. Chagrined at the refuſal of the firſt requeſt, they were enraged

enraged at that of the ſecond;—words of anger eſcaped from them: de Longueville was cool and unmoved; what he had gently denied to their entreaties, he poſitively refuſed to their reſentment, and they ſeparated for the evening.

It was the cuſtom of the venerable earl to riſe with the ſun, and rambling in his fields, or his groves, to inhale health with the morning breeze. On this fatal morning he roſe as uſual; the breakfaſt repaſt was placed, as had been cuſtomary, in the hall, which the harp of the bard invited them all to partake; the family had attended the harmonious ſummons, and waited only for their lord.

His prolonged abſence alarmed the counteſs, and ſervants were diſpatched different ways in ſearch of him.

They returned after a time with looks of conſternation, bearing with them a wounded man. Their lord, they ſaid, was no where to be found; but this man they diſcovered in the grove, bleeding and ſpeechleſs. Speechleſs he ſtill remained; for the hand of death was upon him, and, with a few parting groans, his reluctant ſoul quitted its earthly manſion for ever.

The ſurprize and conſternation of the counteſs and Eleanor was great; for their terrified imaginations repreſented this as portentous of ſome fatal event to the earl. But what words can deſcribe their conſternation and horror, when St. Julian, feeling in the pockets of the deceaſed for papers which might elucidate this dark affair, found the following fragment of a letter?—

———" Do thy buſineſs *compleatly*, " my friend:—ſtrike home, and ſpare " not.

" not. Thou knoweſt de Longueville
" to be my moſt inveterate enemy—
" need I ſay more?—Take care that his
" body do not witneſs againſt thee, and
" thy truſty companions. Farewell. Let
" the reward new edge thy dagger in
" the ſervice of thy friend,

" EUSTACE DE ST. MAUR."

—— Suffer me to draw a veil over a ſcene words are inadequate to deſcribe ——

The counteſs ſurvived the ſhock but three days. The life of the wretched orphan was long doubtful: at length ſhe recovered, though ſlowly; but the deepeſt melancholy hung over her ſpirits, which not all the aſſiduities of St. Julian and Philip were able to diſpel. Their preſence had indeed a contrary effect. She perceived how much ſhe was in their power; ſhe ſhuddered at the uſe they might probably make of

it; and felt doubly her irreparable loſs, now that Philip importuned her unceaſingly to become his wife.

The aſſembling of the Yorkiſts on the landing of Warwick gave her a ſhort reſpite. St. Julian and his ſon repaired to the ſtandard; and their abſence was more effectual for her recovery than all their attentive cares.

But they were not abſent long; it was imagined from the poſition of the two armies, that they might meet in Northamptonſhire; and they hurried to the caſtle of Longueville, to draw from its domain all its ſtrength of men and arms to reinforce the duke.

Immediately on their return, Philip being engaged in his military affairs, St. Julian viſited Eleanor; and with very little ceremony, for the tenderneſs of his manner had vaniſhed with the neceſſity

neceſſity of it, he ſhewed her the mandate of the duke of York, as king of England, claiming the wardſhip of her perſon and fortune, and delegating the truſt of both to St. Julian; commanding her to take Philip as an huſband, and empowering him as ſuch to aſſume the titles of her deceaſed father.

He then told her, that a general battle was expected to take place in a few days, the event of which no human foreſight could aſcertain; it remained therefore to make the moſt of thoſe few moments yet in their power: the love of Philip would be trifled with no longer, and he inſiſted on an immediate marriage.

It was in vain, after Eleanor had a little recovered the firſt ſhock of this intelligence, that ſhe urged the extreme indecorum of a wedding ſo ſoon after the death of her parents; the peculiar exi-

gency of the time was a reaſon he deemed unanſwerable. The prieſt, he ſaid, ſhould attend in the morning, on Philip's return, which was not to be till that time, and then he peremptorily inſiſted that the ceremony ſhould be performed.

For a long time Eleanor parried this horrid reſolution with temper. At length perceiving no excuſes, pleadings, or arguments, made any impreſſion on her adamantine-hearted guardian, ſhe loſt all patience, all reſerve; declared her utter averſion to Philip, and her determined and unalterable reſolution to endure death rather than marriage with him.

This unexpected ſpirit rouſed all the fury of St. Julian; with lips pale, and quivering with rage, he ſwore the moſt tremendous oaths, that unleſs ſhe conſented to marry Philip on the morrow morning, ſhe ſhould ere noon meet the death

death ſhe preferred to him. He gave her only that night to conſider.

He pauſed to ſee what effect his threats had on her mind—he ſaw her unmoved; her heart ſwelling with indignation at his treatment, fearleſsly avowed its ſentiments, and her unconquerable averſion to the marriage. He reiterated with double rage his oaths, that ſhe ſhould on the morrow, either marry or die; and locking her chamber door, he left her to her ſolitary reflexions.

Paſſion had raiſed the ſpirits of Eleanor to a very uncommon height, and ſupported them during the irritating conference. In their energy ſhe had thought herſelf equal to the moſt deſperate reſolution; but St. Julian abſent, the ſtimulus ceaſing, they ebbed in proportion lower than their uſual equilibrium;

ſhe beheld all the horrors of her ſituation, and diſſolved into a flood of tears.

" Cruel, relentleſs deſtiny!" ſhe exclaimed, " not to leave me on the wide " earth *one* heart that will intereſt itſelf " in my happineſs—*one* faithful boſom " on whom I could repoſe my ſorrows, " and aſk the ſweet conſolation of a " pitying tear. My parents loſt—ah " *how* loſt! Oh my excruciated heart! " —my friends eſtranged—my ſervants " and women ſeduced to the intereſt of " my bitter enemy—deſolate—cruſhed " to the earth—abandoned to ruin irre- " trievable—why do I vainly ſtruggle " againſt it? It is the will of God that " I ſhould be held up a terrible ex- " ample of the inſtability of ſublunary " enjoyments. Who late ſo happy as " the giddy Eleanor?—Now—O bleſ- " ſed Virgin!—and wilt THOU in my " diſtreſs hear my prayer? The prayer " of

"of a helpleſs, friendleſs female?—
"Wilt thou liſten from thy higheſt
"heaven to the petition of a deſolate
"maiden?—Aſſiſt her who hath no *hu-*
"*man* ſuccour?—Guide her in inno-
"cence and ſafety from the ſnares in
"which her feet are entangled?—Oh *if*
"thou wilt—but *I* cannot reward THEE
"—yet will I honour to my utmoſt
"thy ſacred ſymbols. I will walk bare-
"foot round thine altar, and conſe-
"crate to thy holy image this diamond
"croſs, the moſt precious of all my
"jewels."

In that inſtant, as if her prayer had been heard, and ſome pitying angel had whiſpered to her ſoul, a recollection flaſhed on her mind, that this caſtle, built in the moſt turbulent times, abounded in means of eſcape for its nhabitants, both from enemies without and within; that there were few rooms in it of which the wainſcot pannels did

not

not ſlide, to give paſſage into others, and from one cloſet it had a ſubterraneous path into an adjoining wood.

This was an important ſecret of their manſion, known only to the earl and counteſs, and by them imparted to their child. St. Julian was unacquainted with it; and from the ſervants it was carefully concealed, leſt they might be tempted to make an ill uſe of the communication of the apartments.

Could ſhe reach that cloſet!—her heart beat high at the thought, but as inſtantly ſunk, when ſhe reflected ſhe had no way to it from her chamber, but through the room in which St. Julian ſlept. True, he might be aſleep:—ſhe cheriſhed that thought: "Aſſuredly, ſaid ſhe, "it is worth the hazard—to ſtay "is death, or worſe than death—I may "eſcape by attempting it, and if I fail, "my fate cannot be rendered worſe—".

Deſpair

Deſpair gave her courage—a deep ſilence ſpread itſelf through the caſtle; ſhe took from her cabinet ſome jewels and ſome money; put up a little linen, and having recommended herſelf again to the protection of the bleſſed virgin, who ſhe, with a ſalutary enthuſiaſm, imagined had ſuggeſted to her the means of eſcape, ſhe took a taper in her hand, drew aſide the pannel of the wainſcot—ſtept through it—cloſed it after her, that the method of her eſcape might not be diſcovered, and lightly tripped acroſs the room, which was one of the ſtate-apartments of this noble manſion.

In the next chamber lay St. Julian. With trembling fingers and palpitating heart, ſhe ſlid the wainſcot, and peeping through, ſaw her perfidious uncle, the feet of whoſe bed was oppoſite to the ſpot where ſhe ſtood—lying with his curtains undrawn, for it was the beginning

beginning of July, and the weather hot; he was in a poſture of repoſe, and his loud ſnorings aſſured her of his ſleeping.

With trepidation ſhe glided through the aperture, cloſed it as the other, and with timid ſteps ſlowly walked acroſs the room, when, to her unſpeakable conſternation, ſhe perceived on the other ſide of it a large cheſt which obſtructed her next paſſage.

For a moment ſhe debated with herſelf, whether ſhe had not better go back to her apartment—St. Julian turned himſelf—he muttered ſome inarticulate words, and then more diſtinctly—"No "matter—her death will give me more "certain poſſeſſion."

She trembled at this proof of the horrid thoughts which occupied him, and it ſtrengthened her reſolution. A dagger

dagger lay unſheathed by his bedſide; ſhe ſnatched it up—" At leaſt," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, " I will not ſell my life cheaply."

St. Julian ſunk again into a ſound ſleep—her hopes revived—ſhe inſpected the cheſt, and found it not very heavy; ſhe drew it gently by one end forward, till ſhe had gained ſpace ſufficient to ſqueeze herſelf behind it, and with tranſport found ſhe could reach the pannel. She opened it haſtily, but in getting through, ſomething fell which immediately woke St. Julian; and in the moment of cloſing the pannel, ſhe heard him loudly call to know who was in the room.

She liſtened trembling to hear the reſult of this alarm; but as St. Julian had no light, he could not perceive the little derangement in his apartment, and hearing no more noiſe, he concluded he

was

was dreaming, and again delivered himſelf up to ſleep, of the certainty of which a few moments aſſured our affrighted heroine.

Safe through this room ſo much dreaded, Eleanor paſſed through two others with leſs anxiety; and her heart throbbed with pleaſure, when from the laſt ſhe entered the cloſet, which was againſt the walls of the caſtle, and had in it a trap-door, which opened over a deep ſtaircaſe. There were in it ſome chairs which it was neceſſary to remove; this Eleanor did with infinite caution, knowing ſhe was near the apartments of the officers of the houſehold. But in the moment ſhe had promiſed herſelf a certain eſcape, all her hopes were blaſted, when ſhe perceived the trap-door was infinitely too heavy for the utmoſt exertions of her ſtrength to lift up.

Unut-

Unutterable anguiſh ſeized her heart. In an agony of deſpair ſhe contemplated the fatal door, whilſt tears of bitter ſorrow poured down her cheeks; when to add, if it was poſſible to add to her conſternation, the cloſet door opened, and a man entered.

In the dead ſtillneſs of the night every movement is perceptible, and notwithſtanding the caution of Eleanor, ſhe was heard by the perſon who lodged in a room adjoining the cloſet, and who had been kept waking by ill health; he beheld her with a ſurprize almoſt equal to her own.—"Holy Becket!" he exclaimed, "is it poſſible that I meet "lady Eleanor in this place!"

In the firſt confuſion and tumult of her ideas, ſhe did not recognize the venerable Fronſac, her father's bard; now ſhe bleſt the chance which had ſent to her aſſiſtance the only perſon in the family

mily on whoſe fidelity ſhe could depend. She in a few words acquainted this faithful adherent of her difficulties and dangers, and implored his advice and aſſiſtance.

The good old man heard her with tears ſtreaming down his venerable cheeks; but this was no time for uſeleſs lamentation. "I can aſſiſt thee," ſaid he, "lady, to leave this caſtle, but "where wilt thou ſeek an aſylum? "Alas! I cannot point one out; edu- "cated in this houſe from my early "youth, I have few acquaintance out "of it, and unhappily have ſurvived "all my friends. The convents will "not receive a ſtranger, and to wander "as thou art thou muſt be diſcovered— "beſides, the country ſwarms with the "licentious ſoldiery—I tremble for that "beauteous form—thou muſt put on "ſome diſguiſe."

"But

" But what, my dear Fronſac?"

" What thinkeſt thou of the humble
" attire of a bard? Few natures are ſo
" rough and unfeeling, as not to ex-
" empt the unoffending minſtrel from
" violence, though their perſons are not,
" as in former times, deemed ſacred:
" ſuch a diſguiſe wore the great Alfred,
" and in ſuch a dreſs thou mayeſt wan-
" der ſafely amongſt the rude and un-
" diſciplined armies; the country peo-
" ple will gladly for thy muſic afford
" thee lodging, and it is a paſſport into
" the houſes of the nobles. This va-
" grant ſtate is unworthy the only
" daughter of my revered lord, but I
" know of no other which will ſecure
" thy life and honour. By a mixture
" which I poſſeſs, I can dye thy com-
" plexion, eyebrows, and hair, of ano-
" ther colour, which will give a dif-
" ferent air to thy countenance; I have
" a ſmall harp which will not be bur-
" then-

" thenſome to thy delicate arm; and I " muſt tonſure thoſe fine treſſes to the " due form."

Eleanor gladly acceded to this propoſal: ſhe ſubmitted her locks to his ſciſſars, for the minſtrels wore their hair like a monk at his firſt tonſure; and he dyed them and her eyebrows with a dark compoſition, which changed the fine light auburn to a black. Her face and hands were alſo diſguiſed with another mixture, which gave them the bronze of a ſunny clime. Fronſac, whilſt he was doing this, gave her directions how ſhe might reſtore both her complexion and hair to their natural colour without the leaſt injury. He then brought her the proper habiliments, and left her for a few moments to attire herſelf.

The gown was green cloth, made long, gathered at the neck with a yel-

low

low gorget, and faſtened cloſe to the chin with ſilver claſps; it had hanging ſleeves that reached down to the mid-leg, ſlit from the ſhoulder to the hand, and lined with white taffety; it was faſtened round the waiſt by a red girdle, in which hung two knives, capt with ſilver. The doublet ſleeve was of fine black ſtuff, ornamented along the wriſt with blue point lace; the cravat, puffed out at the boſom, was edged with blue point, and marked with a D. for Damian, that is bachelor of muſic; the ſtockings were of red leather, and the pumps of black.

The bard completed the dreſs of our heroine, by putting his cap on her head, hanging the harp before her, or rather on one ſide, for the convenience of walking, by a ſilver chain which went acroſs her neck; beſide it, ſuſpended by a green lace, he hung the wreſt, or key, by which it is tuned; a reſplendant

dant escutcheon, with the arms of the sacred musical college, depending from a silver chain, fell on her bosom, both as an ornament and a badge of her being of a superior order of minstrels, by which she claimed a right of entering any knight's or nobleman's family.

By the time Eleanor was thus properly accoutred, the day began to dawn: not a moment was to be lost. Fronsac lifted up the trap-door; he preceded her agitated and trembling steps down stairs, and along the winding way; he pushed up the bolted door, which both secured and secreted the passage into the wood; and he would have followed her footsteps in her wanderings—but that she forbade.

He then knelt on the ground, offered to Heaven an ardent petition for her welfare, kissed the hem of her robe, and with a fervent benediction, accompanied

panied by a flood of tears, bade her adieu, hurried into the paſſage, pulled the door after him—and left her forlorn and alone in the world.

What a ſituation was hers! bred in ſoftneſs, delicacy, and indulgence; ſurrounded from infancy by a croud of attendants who anticipated her wants and guarded her footſteps, ſhe had never before been alone without the caſtle walls, and was ignorant how to ſupply herſelf with any thing.

She looked round—the brown horrors of the wood, through which the dawn had not pierced, terrified her; ſhe trembled at the ruſtling of the leaves—ſhe liſtened, and fancied ſhe heard the footſteps of men. She hurried along through the mazy path, which divided and branched out into an inextricable labyrinth; but for want of knowing the clue, though ſhe had trod

many ſteps, ſhe gained no ground; for after an hour's walking, ſhe found herſelf again in the place from whence ſhe ſet out.

Teazed by the diſappointment, fatigued with the weight of the harp, ſhe ſat down on the ſtump of a tree, and relieved her full heart by a ſhower of tears.

Again ſhe went forward, and with better fortune; for ſhe followed a path which brought her out of the wood. But now the country was open, a large common lay before her, and the idea of croſſing it was alarming; yet ſhe longed to get farther off, for ſhe perceived the ſpires of Longueville caſtle above the tufted trees, glittering to the riſing ſun.

She walked on, encouraging herſelf by reflecting, that as ſhe was abandoned by every earthly ſupport, ſhe was become a fit

a fit object of the benevolence of Heaven; that the holy virgin, who had pointed to her distracted thoughts the method of her escape, would protect her now she had effected it; and in a mental petition she fervently implored her aid.

As she drew near the common, round which were several houses, from a farm yard a boy drove out a herd of cows, who, pleased with the range, ran kicking and scampering along. This was new matter of fear for our timid heroine; she must necessarily pass them; their horns were terrifying, their gambols affrighted her—it would be vain to run back—she dared not go forward. Fortunately in a short time their playfulness ceased, they fell quietly to their verdant repast, and Eleanor, with palpitating heart, ventured to pass them.

As ſhe approached the firſt cottage, ſome children, who were playing at the door, ran to meet her with ſhouts of pleaſure; and one on each ſide taking hold of her gown, led her in; ſhe knew that her habit was privilege from the obſervance of much ceremony, and ſhe ſat down, for ſhe was tired.

Eleanor perceived that the mother of the children ſeemed little able to partake their noiſy joy, for ſhe ſat at the corner of the room, weeping with another woman.

This was a concert in which Eleanor was much more inclined to join than in any other; but not to be deficient in the character ſhe aſſumed, ſhe touched her harp, and the women, who at firſt ſeemed inclined to forbid her proceeding, ſoon became enraptured with the ſoul-moving harmony; the ſounds were ſoft, melancholy, ſweet—it was the voice

voice of tender ſympathiſing affection, ſpeaking to the heart of the mourner; its conſoling notes calmed the tumults of their paſſions, and diveſted their grief of its poignancy.

On her ceaſing, ſhe was welcomed with tears of pleaſure, and bread and milk were ſet before her. During the regale, ſhe inquired the occaſion of their ſorrow.

" Alas! alas!" cryed the elder of the women, " there are few houſes in " this unhappy country, where you will " not find the wretched inhabitants in " tears. My huſband, and the huſband " of this woman, are brothers, and " this morning both left us to go to " theſe accurſed wars. To have the " lives of our huſbands endangered, " by whoſe labours we and our chil- " dren ſubſiſted, would have been alone " ſufficient matter of ſorrow; but we

" have the additional grief to know
" they will be in oppoſite armies; for
" my huſband is the vaſſal of my lord
" de Longueville, and this woman's
" of ſir Richard Wodeville; ſo that
" you ſee the hand of brother is cruelly
" raiſed againſt brother, and who knows
" but in the battle they may murder
" each other?"

A ſhower of tears from both, accompanied this recital, to which the compaſſionate heart of Eleanor joined her's. This tender participation of their griefs endeared her to them; they would have detained her with them; but reſtleſs, deſirous of getting farther from the caſtle, though ſhe knew not whither to direct her uncertain ſteps, ſhe declined their kindneſs, rewarded them for their hoſpitality, and again ſet forward.

The ſweet muſic of her harp procured her a ſupper and lodging at the decline of

of day, where ſhe found another family made wretched by the civil feuds. The day after, ſhe wandered on in the ſame manner, and towards its cloſe, reached the environs of Northampton, but to her great terror perceived ſoldiers pouring in from every quarter. The royal army was come down from Coventry to meet that of the duke of York, who had marched from London; and both lay ſo near each other, that a general engagement in the morning was deemed inevitable.

Paſſing a ſmall neat houſe, the voice of ſorrow induced her to enter; there ſhe beheld a woman of no mean appearance, ſitting on the floor, her hair diſhevelled, her garments torn, and three children crying at her ſide for food; but ſhe looked round without taking cognizance of any object, and her countenance wore the marks of gloomy ſtupified deſpair.

From the biggeſt of the children Eleanor learnt that his father and elder brother were gone to the wars; that ſome ruffians belonging to the army had entered the houſe, rifled it of all its moſt valuable effects, eat up what food they could find, uſed their mother very ill, and taken away their eldeſt ſiſter.

As Eleanor was muſing on the woes of this wretched family, and caſting about how to alleviate them, a female came in, to whom ſhe communicated what ſhe had juſt heard. The woman wrung her hands and wept; ſhe was a relation, and gladly undertook the care of the unhappy object before them. Our heroine gave her ſome money to buy neceſſaries, and left them.

Walking along, doubtful what courſe to purſue, and equally afraid of meeting the chiefs of either party, Eleanor, in a deep muſing, ſcarcely knew that ſhe

was

was in a meadow, and cloſe behind the encampments of one of the armies; nor did ſhe perceive the approach of a man, who was gravely walking with a book in his hand, till he was cloſe to her; ſhe ſtarted back, and looked in his face. She was happy to find it one with which ſhe was unacquainted, and that it wore an expreſſion ſo benign, that her fright immediately ſubſided.

He alſo looked earneſtly in her face—ſhe ſtopt—"Who art thou, youth," he cryed?

"A minſtrel, pleaſe your honour."

"A young one ſure! Go, learn to "ſpend thy youth to better purpoſe, "than in that idle occupation—why "not ſerve thy country in its wars?"

"My hand is too feeble, and my "heart too tender to take up the trade of

" death. In an occupation which ſweet-
" ens life, I ſerve my country to better
" purpoſe."

" Is it cowardice or principle dictates
" thy anſwer?"

" Principle; for my conſcience tells
" me that the quarrels of princes can-
" not ſanctify murder, or warrant my
" dipping my hand in my brother's
" blood."

" Thou ſpeakeſt well, youth; I like
" both thy tongue and thy face: art
" thou converſant in holy muſic?"

" I am, ſir."

" Wilt thou ſerve me?"

" I muſt know who queſtions me, be-
" fore I anſwer."

" Henry

" Henry of England."

Eleanor fell on her knees, and taking his hand, which ſhe kiſſed, " Gladly, " my liege," ſhe cried, " moſt gladly " would I ſerve my ſovereign."

" Follow me then."

She followed him into a tent, where ſat the queen and the duke of Somerſet in converſation. " Thou often up- " braideſt me, ſweet wife," ſaid Henry, " for being inactive in theſe wars; up- " braid me no more, for ſee a captive I " have *myſelf* taken."

" A minſtrel!"

" He is; but we may make him ſer- " viceable; I mean to preſent him to " our ſon. Have I your permiſſion, " lady?"

" He is a ſtranger, my lord."

" True, he is ſo, Margaret; but my
" uncle of Wincheſter uſed to ſay that
" a good countenance was a letter of
" recommendation from the Almighty.
" Look in his face, and tell me whether
" we ſhall take the divine word."

The queen caſt her eyes upon Eleanor, ſhe ſmiled—" Your grace is plea-
" ſant this evening; I regard it as a
" happy omen of the event to-morrow.
" I was before ignorant of the divine
" recommendation of beauty; we have
" often been deceived by *human* pane-
" gyric, and will make experiment of
" the good cardinal's axiom.—You are
" lord here, my liege, be it as you
" pleaſe."

Henry waited for no other permiſſion, but haſtened into his ſon's tent. Edward, then in his eighth year, ran to meet

meet his father. "Why would you "not let me walk with you, my lord?" he cried, "I ſhould then have heard "the neighing of horſes, the ſound of "trumpets, and all the delightful clat-"ter of arms, of which I have only "imperfect ſounds, coopt up in this "naſty tent.

"I have brought you a preſent, Ed-"ward."

"Ah! what is it?—A ſuit of ar-"mour?"

"This minſtrel.

"A minſtrel! why that, my lord, is "for ladies' dancing.—Can he blow a "trumpet?"

"I can play martial muſic," ſaid Eleanor, delighted at the ſpirit of the child.

"Inſtantly

" Inſtantly then——if he may, my " liege."

" You command, Edward;—he is " yours."

Eleanor then began a martial air, that by its bold and daring ſound was able to infuſe ardor into the breaſt of cowardice. The king, enamoured with the charms of peace, was yet delighted, though not ſo much as his ſon, whoſe pleaſure diſplayed itſelf in ſhouts,—— " charming!—wonderful!" he cried.

" You like your preſent then, Ed- " ward," ſaid the king.

" Prodigiouſly, my lord: and you " really give me him?"

" I do, my darling; you will, I hope, " treat him well."

"He ſhall fare as I do—will that con-
" tent you?—I have not yet heard your
" name."

" Jaſper, my lord—I fear I ſhall not
" deſerve theſe favours—"

" Oh, fear nothing! you will deſerve
" to partake all *good*, I will warrant
" from that handſome face; but if my
" tutor ſhould take it into his head,
" Jaſper, to flog me, you ſhall not par-
" take *that* fare, for that you will not
" deſerve. But, my lord, this daſhing
" earl of March—why he is not ſo much
" older than I am, and he is not only
" allowed to fight his father's battles, but
" he commands his armies. I don't aſk
" to be made general; but do, dear my
" liege, let *me* alſo fight for *my* father.
" I have a little ſword you know; Jaſ-
" per ſhall have another; we will fight
" ſide by ſide, and we two together ſhall
" make one man. Your Edward ſhall

" hack

" hack down York's Edward, and bring
" his head to lay at your feet—do, dear
" my liege, indulge me—"

Henry preſſed his darling to his heart. " Charming boy," he exclaimed, " thou " poſſeſſeſt all thy mother's ſpirit. Be " patient, my Edward—March more " than doubles thy years.—Some time " hence, thy wiſh ſhall be gratified, and " thou mayeſt be general of thy father's " armies."

A meſſenger from the queen now entered, to inform the king, that ſome youths of noble families requeſted the order of knighthood before the battle, and were with her, waiting his pleaſure. This ceremony Edward expreſſed a deſire to ſee, and with his father's permiſſion attended him, as did alſo Eleanor, who was actuated by the ſame curioſity.

Dearly

Dearly indeed did ſhe pay for the gratification of that curioſity, by the painful ſenſations excited when ſhe perceived St. Maur was one of the company; and, preſented by ſir Richard Wodeville to the king, the firſt who received the honour. What conflicting paſſions tore her heart! "My "God!" ſhe cried to herſelf, "do I "behold the aſſaſſin of my father? the "eventual deſtroyer of my mother?" With horror ſhe averted her eyes from him, whilſt an icy chillneſs ran through her frame; her head became giddy, and ſhe was obliged to lean againſt a pole of the tent to keep herſelf from falling. She then thought the change which his ſoul had undergone ſince ſhe ſaw him, muſt have produced a correſpondent alteration in his countenance, and caſt a faint and timid glance towards him, expecting to ſee guilt impreſſed on his features, and cruelty glaring in his eyes.

He

He was at that moment kneeling before the king, and Eleanor beheld the ſame manly open countenance, which was engraven on her memory in indelible characters; to which the auguſt preſence he was in, had added an expreſſion of dignified humility; and the occaſion lighted up his fine dark, ſpeaking eyes, with the moſt dazzling flaſhes of joy.

"Holy Mary!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "how deceitful is the human counte-"nance!—Who would ſuppoſe *that* to "be an aſſaſſin—*that* a murderer?"—She ſighed deeply—her eye dwelt on his features, whilſt her reaſon revolted at her feelings. Again ſhe deeply ſighed, and turned haſtily from an object which ſhe felt ſhe could not hate, and every duty, every virtue, forbade her to love.

Loſt in a whirl of ideas, Eleanor was for a long time unconſcious of what was

was paſſing; till becoming more compoſed, ſhe found that all the new-made knights were withdrawn. She now underſtood that the biſhop of Saliſbury was coming to their majeſties, with a meſſage from the rebel lords, and perceived that he had immediate admittance.

In his pontifical robes, the croſier in his hand, he advanced towards the king; "Royal Henry," ſaid he with a ſolemn voice, "I, as the ſervant of the uni-"verſal father, the prince of peace, have "gladly undertaken the pleaſing taſk of "mediating between you and your ſub-"jects. The lords, aſſociated for the "public good, earneſtly requeſt you to "have mercy on the ſouls of theſe aſ-"ſembled hoſts; and humbly beſeech "that you would, by timely conceſſions "to their reaſonable deſires, ſtay that "effuſion of blood which muſt be the "fatal conſequence of their meeting in

"arms

" arms to-morrow. Suffer me, moſt royal
" ſir, to conjure you to redreſs their juſt
" grievances, and reſtore peace to this
" perturbed kingdom."

" Ah !" exclaimed Henry, " who diſ-
" turbs the peace of this realm but theſe
" aſſociated lords ? Will the worm reſt
" quiet under the foot which cruſhes it ?
" Will the houſeholder ſuffer his goods
" to be deſpoiled without oppoſition ?
" I deſire but to retain what I inherited
" from my father. Tell theſe aſſociated
" lords that peace is my ardent prayer—
" it is not I but they who fill my king-
" dom with tumult, and ſhed the blood
" of my ſubjects—bid them lay down
" *their* arms, and the tranquility of the
" nation will be reſtored."

" Your highneſs," replied the biſhop,
" miſtakes their patriotic conduct ; it
" is not againſt their *king* that they un-
" furl the banner of oppoſition, but
" againſt

" againſt thoſe who have uſurpt his au-
" thority to oppreſs his people, to in-
" ſult his nobles, to diſmember his em-
" pire. It is not Henry, but a corrupt,
" tyrannical court they oppoſe. Diſmiſs
" your favourites, my lord, from your
" councils, remove them from their
" places of truſt, the hearts of your faith-
" ful barons will return *then* to their
" allegiance; your throne, which now
" totters to its foundation, will *then* be
" ſtable as the adamantine rock; and
" the blood of thouſands of your inno-
" cent ſubjects, which muſt otherwiſe
" be ſhed to-morrow, will *then* be ſaved."

The king heſitated—Margaret replied for him:

" We underſtand well, my lord biſhop
" of Saliſbury, the principle which ac-
" tuates theſe lords, for whom you
" are ambaſſador: ambitiouſly graſping
" at power, it is not the hand which
" holds

" holds it, but that it is with-held from
" *them*, that excites their envy, and kin-
" dles the fire of their wrath. Has not
" his highneſs *often* liſtened to their
" prayers?—*repeatedly* granted their re-
" queſts?—Was not the noble Suffolk,
" after thirty campaigns made in the
" ſervice of his country, ungratefully ſa-
" crificed to their fury?—baniſhed?—
" murdered? What did it avail?—the
" next in favour was equally the object
" of their averſion. Were they ſatis-
" fied, when almoſt all the nobles of the
" court, with the princely Somerſet, fell
" by their mercileſs ſwords at St. Al-
" bans? No—becauſe the places of
" truſt—becauſe the reins of government
" were not transferred to their hands.—
" It is not compaſſion for the people's
" wrongs, but their own luſt of rule
" that unfurls their banner: the turbu-
" lent, graſping Nevils ſeek to advan-
" tage themſelves of the claim of York,
" that under him they may reign deſ-
" potic:

" potic:—redreſs of grievances, prio-
" rity of title, are the pleas by which
" they, at the expence of others, ſeek
" to draw to themſelves ſovereign rule.

" But you do well, my lord biſhop,
" a good *partiſan*, though inconſiſtent
" *ſervant* of the prince of peace—you
" do well to attempt transferring the
" odium of civil diſcord from the ſhoul-
" ders of the rebel lords to your anoint-
" ed ſovereign, to whom you alſo, with
" perjured York, have ſworn allegiance:
" —we underſtand your meſſage of pro-
" feſſed peace, but covert miſchief, and
" diſmiſs you our preſence."

The biſhop, with a bow of ceremony rather than reſpect, took his ſilent leave. The lords, who had aſſiſted at the audience, withdrew to attend to the military operations, and only the prince and our heroine remained with their majeſties.

A ſhort

A ſhort ſilence enſued. Henry deeply ſighed. "Are you ill, my lord?" queſtioned the queen. "In mind, Margaret; my ſoul ſickens at the idea of to-morrow. Ah who that was acquainted with the torments of ſovereignty, whoſe ſoul was impreſſed with its duties, would covet to be king?—Spare thy innocent people!—ſtay thine hand from the effuſion of their blood! Bleſſed Jeſus! and is it *I* who deſtroy my ſubjects?—I, their king, their *protector*—and muſt on *my* head reſt the guilt of their death?—Ah, Margaret, let me beſeech thee whilſt it is in our power:—ſuffer me to eſcape this crime;—permit me to hearken to their deſires, to redreſs thoſe grievances of which they ſo feelingly complain. And then,—if peace is not *then* reſtored, on *their* rebellious heads will all the guilt deſcend."

"And

" And is *this* a grandſon of that bold
" Lancaſter, who plucked the ſceptre
" from the hand of Richard, and da-
" ringly inveſted himſelf with the man-
" tle of royalty ?"

" Yes, Margaret; I *am* that unhappy
" offſpring, whoſe life evinces the truth
" of the adage ' things ill got have
" ever bad ſucceſs.' The uſurped ſpoils
" of Richard's ſtate bring a thouſand-
" fold more cares on me, than ere the
" poſſeſſion afforded me pleaſure: and
" my conſcience revolts at retaining what
" is not *juſtly* mine own."

" My God ! the low-minded Catha-
" rine doubtleſs played the gallant Hen-
" ry falſe, and ſome whining churchman
" was thy father."

" Be not angry, Margaret; but I
" tell thee that a crown, were it even
" an *honeſt* inheritance, has, in *my* eſti-

 " mation,

" mation, more thorns than jewels—it
" is indeed a wreath ſo galling, that I
" wiſh it upon the brow of my bit-
" tereſt enemy. Crowned in my in-
" fancy, and nurſed upon a throne,
" what are the peculiar joys of royalty I
" may be deemed a judge. I have weigh-
" ed them well againſt its peculiar ſor-
" rows, and found them air in the ſcale."

" Recollect, my lord, from *what* ſource
" have ariſen thoſe diſquietudes you have
" experienced—even from the eaſineſs
" of your own nature. You have per-
" mitted your ſervants to become your
" maſters; they uſurp your authority,
" and only quarrel who ſhall have the
" largeſt ſhare; the government has more
" an ariſtocratical, than monarchical
" form. Your nobles, thus ſuffered to
" taſte the cup of ſovereignty, do you
" wonder that, intoxicated with its ſweet-
" neſs, they long to drain it to the
" bottom ?—for it is reliſhing to moſt
" palates,

" palates, though not to yours, my liege.
" One, more ingenious than the reſt, re-
" collects that his grand-mother was the
" grand-daughter of a king: he deter-
" mines to outſtrip his fellows, and, by
" the aſſiſtance of theſe ſhrivelled dames,
" mount into the throne."

" Ah, Margaret! this eaſineſs may
" be imputed to me, but thee and thy
" counſellors they accuſe of harſh-
" neſs."

" Becauſe I would have you a KING,
" and would circumſcribe their power
" to thoſe boundaries originally ordain-
" ed in the conſtitution."

" They talk alſo of *oppreſſions*, of
" *grievances*, of *miſmanagement* of public
" affairs."

" They do, my lord;—but tell me,
" were the revenues, greatly dilapida-

" ted as they were by the rapacity of
" the courtiers during your minority,
" burthened alſo with a heavy debt in-
" curred by the long and expenſive war
" with France, towards which the par-
" liamentary ſupplies were never ade-
" quate—tell me, were the royal re-
" venues *ever* ſufficient ſince our mar-
" riage to ſupport the dignity of the
" crown, or even for its neceſſary ex-
" pences? You know they were not,
" my lord; and that even the common
" wants of the houſehold could not be
" ſupplied, without exerting the right
" of purveyance—an odious, an unpo-
" pular right I confeſs, becauſe it hath
" the appearance of a general robbery
" of the people, but it is nevertheleſs
" a right inherent in the crown, and re-
" curred to by all your anceſtors; and
" what is the miſmanagement of public
" affairs they talk of? Is it the loſs
" of Normandy?—by what means loſt?
" Could the *name* of Somerſet preſerve

" its

" its towns and caſtles againſt the power
" of France, without money, without
" arms?—For were not thoſe moſt ne-
" ceſſary ſupplies withheld from him by
" his enemies at home? No, it was the
" factious, the turbulent ſpirit of your
" ſubjects at home, my lord, which
" had been growing up in your long
" minority, and received from you no
" check when you aſſumed the ſceptre
" —it was theſe factious ſpirits, not the
" miſrule of your miniſtry, which loſt
" you your foreign dominions. Did not
" other, and more valuable provinces,
" fall from you, during the regency of
" your uncle Bedford?"

" Ah, Margaret! — heaven fought
" againſt us then—that holy maid, Joan
" of Arc—."

" The witch of Orleans?—It was hell,
" Henry, then leagued againſt thee, and
" hath ever ſince withſtood thy piety;

" it is meritorious therefore to make a
" ſtand againſt it—but time wears whilſt
" we idly talk—I muſt once more ſee
" the lords in council.—Edward, take
" leave of thy father for the night."

Henry with all the fondneſs of paternal love, embraced and bleſſed his amiable offspring. " Jaſper ſhall ſleep
" with me," ſaid Edward. " No," anſwered the queen, " in the day he ſhall
" be with thee, but in the night we
" muſt recollect he is a ſtranger—he
" ſhall ſleep in a little apartment near
" thine."

Our heroine took a tender leave of the prince, and was conducted to her little curtained apartment, where faſtening herſelf in, as well as ſhe could, ſhe threw herſelf upon her camp bed, and revolved the novelty of her fituation, and the events of the day: but amidſt the numerous ideas the retroſpect brought

brought to her mind, St. Maur kneeling before the king, made the principal figure. In vain ſhe ſtrove to baniſh him from her memory; her ſoul alternately chilled with horror, or glowing with love, as reaſon or paſſion predominated, amidſt all its conflicts preſerved the ſeducing image; and when ſhe ſhut her eyes, to endeavour to ſleep, ſtill it ſwam before her.

CHAP. IV.

MARGARET had repaired to the council. Jointly to the duke of Somerſet and the duke of Buckingham, ſhe had aſſigned the command of the army. Lord Grey of Ruthin was appointed to lead the van; lord Egremont to bring up the rear. After a long converſation on the various adjuſtments, ſhe withdrew for the night.

Short and unquiet were the ſlumbers of Margaret: too much depended on the ſucceeding day to permit its approach with tranquillity. While Henry, with a mind devoid of the reſtleſs perturbations of ambition, ſtudious only of religious eaſe,

eaſe, and totally regardleſs of that crown which was at ſtake, was buried in a happy inſenſibility by her ſide.

She roſe with the dawning day, and awoke her ſleeping hoſt. All was ſoon buſtling preparation.

The army of the malcontents early drew up in order of battle. On the left hand was unfurled the ſtandard of Warwick, a rampant bear chained to a ragged ſtaff; on the right the earl of Cobham waved to the wind the white roſe of York; in the centre the youthful earl of March diſplayed the banner of his father, a ſun half emerging from the clouds—the motto "*invitis nubibus*,"—"*forced* into obſcurity."

Henry timidly waited the event of the day in his tent; whilſt his amazonian queen rode from rank to rank, cheared her ſoldiers with promiſes of

reward, enlivened her officers by her ſmiles, gave orders as a general in the name of the king, and then retired to an eminence, where ſhe could obſerve the particulars of the action, and give orders according to the emergency of the occaſion. Here alſo was the prince of Wales, whoſe importunity had prevailed to let him be a ſpectator; and our heroine accompanied him, though poſſeſſed of little curioſity for ſuch a ſcene, and ardently wiſhing to remain with Henry; but ſhe ſolicitouſly concealed, though ſhe could not ſuppreſs, inclinations ſo diſgraceful to her maſculine attire.

The Yorkiſts, having publiſhed orders throughout their army, to reſpect the perſon of the king, and ſpare the common ſoldiers, but to give no quarter to the officers—ſo inveterate, ſo bloody, was the rancour of the nobles and chiefs againſt each other!—advanced to the attack

attack about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the action continued, with equal fury on both ſides, till ſeven in the evening, when, as victory ſeemed inclined to favour the arms of the king, lord Grey of Ruthin, with a treachery which had but too many examples, led over his troops to York, and inſtantly decided the fate of the day. Henry's ſoldiers in conſternation gave ground; their ranks were broken; they were routed with a great ſlaughter;—and the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewſbury, ſon to the great Talbot, the lords Beaumont and Egremont, ſir William Lucie, and many other barons and knights, left their lives on that fatal field.

When Somerſet found there was no poſſibility of rallying his forces, he flew to the queen, who, diſtracted at this unexpected event, had mounted her ſon, our heroine, and ſome few attendants, ready for flight. He guided her ſteps

with ſuch precipitation, that they never halted till they reached Durham; where they, more dead than alive, were kindly received by Thomas Hatſell, the good biſhop of that dioceſe, and ſovereign prince in his domain; they were conducted to the caſtle, his palace, and there were refreſhed, and reſted after ſuch ſingular fatigue, which our heroine bore much better than could have been expected, having from her infancy been accuſtomed to hunt with her father.

In the interim, the king's tent was ſurrounded by the nobles and officers of the York party; and Henry trembling, was conſtrained to ſhew himſelf before them.

The ſanctity of his manners, the innocence of his heart, the inoffenſiveneſs of his conduct, had ſecured him the affection of all ranks; and if he was

not

not reſpected as a great king, he was univerſally revered and loved as the beſt of men. No reproach now wounded his gentle ear; all bowed before him: thoſe who had appeared ſo lately in arms to overturn his power, now ſtrove to diſplay to him every mark of deference. He was conducted in ſtate to Northampton; from whence, after ſome days' refreſhment, he was eſcorted to London, a captive in reality, but with the appearance of a conqueror; and though he was a priſoner in his own palace, yet the actual reſtraint was ſo ſoftened by every exterior mark of reſpect, that he was ſcarcely ſenſible of it.

The duke of York had haſtened from Ireland on the firſt news of the ſucceſs of his arms. A parliament was called, and he had the moderation, though it was ſurrounded by his victorious army, inſtead of poſſeſſing himſelf of the crown, which

which he with the moſt perfect eaſe might have done, to ſubmit to the judgement of both houſes the diſcuſſion of his claim, and refer himſelf abſolutely to their deciſion.

Such a regard to the laws of the kingdom, and ſuch reſpect for the legiſlative powers, in the midſt of a civil war, in a ferocious and licentious age, and during the uncontrouled triumphs of a party, ſurely has no parallel.

The important queſtion was duly weighed and debated, with as much coolneſs as its magnitude required: after a full inveſtigation, they endeavoured ſo to decide, as to give both ſides reaſon to be ſatisfied of their impartiality.

The right of the duke of York to the crown was declared legal and indefeaſible: but it was decided, that Henry ſhould

ſhould for the remainder of his life enjoy the title and dignity: the adminiſtration of government, meantime, to reſt on Richard, who ſhould be acknowledged the true and lawful heir of the monarchy; that every one ſhould ſwear to maintain his ſucceſſion; that it ſhould be treaſon to attempt his life; and that if Henry ſhould in any manner violate this mutual agreement, the crown ſhould that moment devolve to the duke of York, and his heirs.

Henry and Richard both chearfully acquieſced in this deciſion, and both ſwore to its obſervance. Richard in conſequence took upon him the executive part of the government; whilſt Henry, happier in the tranquillity of retirement, than when oppreſſed with buſineſs to which he felt himſelf unequal, paſſed his time with great ſatisfaction with the lord Bonville, to whoſe care he had been intruſted, and who

was

was extremely indulgent and attentive to him.

But the temporary calm which ſpread over one part of the kingdom, extended not to Margaret. Diſquieted, irritated at the tame conduct of her huſband, ſhe had gone from Durham into Wales; but reſtleſs every where, ſoon quitted that principality, with an intention of ſeeking in Scotland the means of reinſtating her family in its power; her ſon and Eleanor, with ſome few faithful attendants, were the conſtant companions of her wanderings.

Advancing in ſecret towards the northern borders, ſhe found James the ſecond of Scotland had taken advantage of the inteſtine broils of England, and was cloſely beſieging the caſtle of Roxburgh.

She introduced herſelf into the preſence

ſence of that prince; her inſinuation and addreſs were exquiſite. He heard her pathetic tale, compaſſionated her misfortunes, invited her to ſtay in his camp, as a place of ſafety from her enemies, till he had taken the garriſon, which was reduced to the laſt extremity, and then he promiſed to eſcort her himſelf to his capital, where he would concert meaſures, and exert every nerve to reſeat her in the throne of England.

Elated by this flattering reception, the heart of Margaret experienced a pleaſure to which it had been ſome time a ſtranger. Alas! the greater was her diſappointment and horror, at the fatal event of the next morning; when, as ſhe was going to his tent, ſhe met the mangled corſe of that amiable prince borne on the ſhoulders of his ſorrowing ſoldiers, reduced to that deplorable condition by the burſting of one of his own cannon.

Deeply

Deeply afflicted, an enthuſiaſt in her gratitude for the intentional ſervices of James, Margaret took the command of the Scots againſt her own ſubjects; and after having obliged the garriſon to capitulate, ſhe conducted the army, with the body of their king, back into Scotland, where ſhe was received with as much reſpect as the confuſion of affairs would allow, and lodged in the caſtle of Edinburgh.

Mary of Gueldres, the widow of James, was too much grieved at the death of a huſband whom ſhe loved with unaffected tenderneſs, to receive Margaret. The heir of the crown was an infant, and the kingdom in too unſettled a ſtate to grant her the ſuccours ſhe requeſted; and ſhe was informed by the regency, that an aſylum in the kingdom during her own pleaſure, and the perſonal entertainment due to her rank and dignity, was *all* in their power to afford. Obliged to be content

content with this, Margaret gladly accepted what they could beſtow, and enjoyed a ſhort reſpite from her toils and wanderings.

The prince of Wales, healthy and lively, ſeemed to gain increaſe of vigour from his fatigues; whilſt, on the contrary, Eleanor was diſpirited, pale, emaciated. The queen, as well as her ſon, obſerved it; for with both ſhe was a favourite, and the ſweetneſs of her temper, and good-humoured complaiſance, did not more endear her to her young patron, than the amiableneſs of her diſpoſition, the elegance of her manners, her cultivated and informed mind, and ſparkling lively wit, charmed the queen, whoſe underſtanding was much above the common ſtandard; who was quick in diſcriminating the characters which ſurrounded her; and who was particularly fond of the converſation of perſons of genius.

Eleanor's

Eleanor's unaffected attachment to the prince, was alſo another link which bound the queen's affections ſtill more cloſely. Edward was a moſt amiable child;—lively, ſpirited, ſportive—yet of a temper the moſt ſweet and docile. The love of Eleanor for him was that of a fond ſiſter for a younger brother; ſhe delighted in aſſuming the place of his tutor; and he liſtened with infinitely more attention to her inſtructions, than to thoſe of the nobleman who attended him in that capacity. The queen viewed his improvements under her aſſiduity with delight.—Margaret never knew a cold medium; ſhe loved or ſhe hated with ardour.

Yet let me do her memory the juſtice of declaring, that her affection for the favourite minſtrel, never exceeded the chaſte bounds of friendſhip. Whether her heart, occupied by the cares and diſquietudes of unfortunate royalty, had

no

no room for a ſofter paſſion; or whether its pre-attachment to the young duke of Somerſet—which ſcandal at that time averred—withheld her from being too tenderly ſenſible of the attractions of our heroine, I pretend not to determine. Let the characters of the dead be ſacred—it is impious to load them with *imaginary* obloquy.

Actuated then by friendly regard for merit ſo eminently conſpicuous, Margaret ſaw with anxiety the declining health of the minſtrel; and as Eleanor was averſe to medical advice, by a thouſand indulgences, a thouſand tender attentions, that princeſs endeavoured to enliven the gloom, and diſpel the melancholy which hung upon the ſpirits of her amiable attendant.

The ſoul of Eleanor was filled with the moſt fervent gratitude. The eſtimation in which the queen profeſſed to hold

hold her, the kindneſs of her language, thoſe attentions, thoſe ſmiles which from all are pleaſing, but, from the great, peculiarly faſcinating, charmed her; they were balm to her wounded mind. The image of St. Maur, amiable in all its guilt, would ſtill preſent itſelf, in ſpite of her utmoſt efforts to drive him from her heart—ſtill the murder of her parents recurred to her thought, and overwhelmed her with bitter anguiſh; yet ſhe by degrees grew more tranquil—time blunted the poignancy of her ſorrows, and health began to bloom again upon her cheek.

Though the Scottiſh queen continued too much indiſpoſed to make viſits, or receive them from the queen of England, yet all the ladies of diſtinction in her court had paid their devoirs at the caſtle; and there was one among them, with whoſe manners and converſation Margaret was particularly pleaſed.

One

One day when this lady was viſiting the queen, Margaret, who knew ſhe had a paſſion for muſic, had recourſe to the talents of our heroine for her entertainment; who after the ſongs were ended, remained with Edward in the room. In a pauſe in the converſation, the lady happened to pull off her glove; and the prince, who was ſtanding at her knee, obſerved ſomething very ſingular in the appearance of her arm—"Your arm is ſcarred, madam," ſaid he; "one would think you had been "in a battle, and got wounded."

"Your idea is juſt, my lord," ſhe replied;—"for I was engaged in a "battle for my ſovereign, and was "wounded in his defence.—See, ma-"dam," ſaid ſhe to the queen, baring her arm, and extending it towards her—"I glory in theſe ſcars—they are my "joy, my pride."

"If

" If you have ſo much reaſon to be " ſatisfied with them, madam," ſaid the queen, " you will then have the good- " neſs to relate how you came by them, " for I confeſs my curioſity greatly " excited."

" And mine, madam," ſaid Edward, eagerly—" I long, indeed I do, very " much, to know how you received " them."

The fine eyes of our heroine, though not her tongue, expreſſed the ſame ſentiment, as the benign eyes of lady Douglas glanced towards her.

" I ſhall be happy," ſhe replied, " to " oblige your highneſs to the utmoſt " extent of my poor abilities, though " a recital of the horrors of that fatal " night always agonizes my ſoul. Pro- " bably, madam, you are unacquainted " with

" with the hiſtory of my much lament-
" ed maſter, James the firſt; for though
" all his youth was ſpent in England,
" yet he left it ſome years before the
" marriage of your highneſs; if ſo, you
" perhaps would not diſlike my tracing
" the *earlier* misfortunes of that mo-
" narch, to their laſt dreadful period."

The queen ſignified her wiſh to hear her hiſtory; and lady Douglas proceeded.

" Robert the third, madam, the fa-
" ther of James, was of a tender and
" benevolent diſpoſition; but alſo of ſo
" meek, humble, and timid a temper,
" that his brother, the duke of Alba-
" ny, acquired an unlimited influence
" over him. Poſſeſſed, by his own
" modeſty, of a very low opinion of
" his own abilities, and, by the obtru-
" ſive manners of the duke, of a very
" high one of *his* talents, Robert ſuf-

" fered his brother to uſurp the whole
" authority, and became at length ſo
" habituated to be governed in all things
" by him, that he dared not avow his
" own ſentiments, however diſcordant
" to thoſe of the duke, nor interfere in
" the deareſt intereſts of his family, and
" his heart.

" Deſires increaſe by gratification,
" and the wiſhes of an ambitious man
" are never ſatisfied whilſt one perſon
" remains in the world greater than him-
" ſelf. Albany could not be content
" with that regal *power* he fully en-
" joyed by the tame acquieſcence of his
" brother, but he panted for the regal
" *title* alſo; and though Robert had two
" ſons, who ſtood between him and
" the throne, he determined to clear the
" path of thoſe impediments, and mount
" to that ſeat of honour on their dead
" bodies.

" David,

" David, the prince of Scotland, was
" a lively youth, of great ability; the
" unnatural authority of his uncle was
" irkſome to him, and he penetrated
" his ambitious aims. But in vain did
" he labour to open his father's eyes,
" and infuſe into his ſoul ſufficient ſpirit
" to ſhake off the pernicious aſcen-
" dancy. Timid, irreſolute, indolent,
" that prince rather choſe to endure the
" government of the duke, though he
" began to find it galling, than to rouſe
" his mind, and think for himſelf.

" Albany diſcovered the efforts of
" David, and dreaded his riſing genius,
" but concealing his rancour, he con-
" tinued to careſs the prince with every
" appearance of affection; and intro-
" duced to his acquaintance ſome young
" men, his creatures, of pleaſing man-
" ners, but of debauched principles,
" and libidinous lives. Seduced by their
" example, the royal youth was drawn

" into ſome irregularities and exceſſes,
" which the duke repreſented to the
" king in the ſtrongeſt and moſt glaring
" light, and heighthened by all the
" colourings which art and malice could
" beſtow. To take from him the op-
" portunity of ſtill farther diſgracing
" himſelf, and to facilitate his reforma-
" tion, Albany repreſented the abſolute
" neceſſity of confining the prince; and
" length extorted from his weak father
" an unwilling order for his being im-
" priſoned in Falkland caſtle, under the
" immediate care and inſpection of the
" duke.

" Thus torn, by his father's abuſed
" authority, from thoſe friends which
" his eminent merit, more than his
" princely rank, had acquired him, the
" royal youth found himſelf in the hands
" of his moſt inveterate enemy, and
" ſurrounded by creatures wholly de-
" voted to his will. I will not ſhock

" your

" your humanity, madam, with a recital of the varied and exquiſite ſufferings of this unhappy prince; they were all cloſed by a death the moſt gradual and the moſt painful—he periſhed for want of food.

" Great as was the power of the duke, and much as all the court feared him, yet ſuch was the general abhorrence of this black action, for the remorſe of one of his attendants had diſcloſed it, that there were not wanting ſome who informed the king of it. Picture to yourſelf, madam, the feelings of a *father* on this intelligence, and *ſuch* a father whoſe characteriſtic was tenderneſs and affection —but though Robert had not ſufficient ſpirit to call to account, and puniſh his vile brother, yet it rouſed him to a care of his remaining ſon James, then about fourteen years old, whom he determined to ſend far from

" the machinations of that power which
" his own ſupineneſs gave ſo much cauſe
" to dread.

" The young prince, under pretence
" of education, was ſent on board a
" ſhip to be conveyed to France, ac-
" companied by two tutors, and fur-
" niſhed with letters of recommendation,
" not only to the French miniſtry, but
" alſo to the king of England, Henry
" the fourth, then on the throne, in caſe
" the prince ſhould be driven into any
" part of his territories by ſtreſs of wea-
" ther—.

" Uſeleſs precaution! Albany had
" long maintained the moſt friendly
" correſpondence with Henry, who he
" truſted would aſſiſt him in the uſur-
" pation he meditated.—It was ever the
" ungenerous policy of England to fo-
" ment the diſputes, widen the breaches
" and heighten the diſtreſſes of this un-
" happy

" happy kingdom. Henry was ap-
" prized of this voyage of the prince,
" —it is too probable the maſter of the
" veſſel had his inſtructions; who,
" taking the advantage of the ſea nau-
" ſea which much incommoded James,
" made that a pretence for landing him
" on the Engliſh ſhore.

" His arrival was inſtantly known;
" he was ſeized, carried to Henry, and
" committed priſoner to the tower, in
" open violation of a truce which then
" ſubſiſted between thoſe two nations,
" and all thoſe rights of hoſpitality to
" which he had been ſo pathetically
" recommended by his wretched father.
" Cruel Henry!—pardon me, madam,
" —I *will* forbear to execrate his me-
" mory.

" But what became of Robert! what
" tortures racked that heart formed for
" ſoftneſs, when theſe ſad tidings reach-

" ed him!—his inhuman brother had
" by experience taught him to believe,
" that impriſonment and death were the
" ſame.—He ſunk to the earth broken-
" hearted, and ſurvived the fatal intel-
" telligence but three days.

" The duke of Albany could not de-
" cently aſcend the throne during the
" life of his nephew; and Henry was
" too politic a prince not to take ad-
" vantage of detaining him, and by that
" means preſerving an aſcendancy over
" the councils of Scotland, which would
" effectually ſecure them from aſſiſting
" either his foreign or domeſtic ene-
" mies. Albany was therefore, to his
" great mortification, obliged to be con-
" tent without the title of king; but
" he, during his life, enjoyed every
" other prerogative of royalty, for our
" ſovereign was kept a priſoner in Eng-
" land during the remainder of Henry's
" reign, and the whole time of his ſuc-
" ceſſor's:

" ceſſor's: his captivity laſted from the " year 1406 to 1423, ſeventeen tedious " years.

" But though the king of England " had ſecured the friendſhip of Albany " by the ſtrongeſt of all ties to the " crafty and politic—*intereſt*—yet the " ſon of Albany, Murdoc, a prince of " ſlender abilities, who ſucceeded to his " honours and the regency, evinced by " his conduct that even intereſt is no " ſecurity with fools, for they are go- " verned by *caprice*.

" In the beginning of the reign of " the preſent king of England, when " the arms of the dauphin acquired ſome " force in France, Murdoc, fortunately " for Scotland, though weakly and fool- " iſhly for himſelf, ſo far forgot the " politics of his father, as to enter into " an alliance with Charles, and ſuffer " his ſubjects, in great numbers, to

" mingle in the French armies, and aſſiſt
" in their ſtruggle to throw off the
" Engliſh yoke.

" To break this alliance, it then be-
" came the intereſt of the Engliſh re-
" gency to diſmiſs their captive; and,
" by placing him peaceably on the
" throne, enſure his friendſhip.

" Though the policy of England had
" predominated over her humanity, in
" the capture and detention of James,
" yet in every other circumſtance which
" regarded him, it ought to be confeſ-
" ſed, ſhe acted worthy of herſelf; his
" education had been carefully attended
" to, and was perfectly conſonant to
" his high rank; he was treated with
" all the deference due to a monarch;
" and had every indulgence and liberty
" conſiſtent with his ſituation. Thus he
" grew up, the moſt amiable of man-
" kind, his underſtanding highly culti-

" vated

" vated and informed, by the learning
" of his tutors; his heart refined by
" their moral and virtuous precepts,
" and his manners poliſhed by the com-
" pany and converſation of the firſt per-
" ſons in the kingdom.

" Among the young nobility who
" viſited our ſovereign, his heart diſ-
" tinguiſhed with peculiar affection, the
" duke of Somerſet, and his beautiful
" ſiſter, the lady Jane. For that amiable
" young nobleman he felt the moſt ſin-
" cere and ardent friendſhip;—but a
" paſſion more tender attached him to
" the lady. All attractive as were her
" perſonal graces, they were ſtill leſs
" admirable than her mind. She poſ-
" ſeſſed the beauty of Venus with the
" majeſty of Juno, and the virtue and
" wiſdom of a Minerva;—few youthful
" hearts could reſiſt ſuch a combination
" of charms.

" James had long worn her chains, " which had rendered thoſe of her na- " tion leſs irkſome to him; nor had " his graceful perſon, the ſweetneſs of " his manners, ſoftened by early ad- " verſity, and the ſparkle of a chaſtened " and refined wit which animated his " converſation, been overlooked by that " young lady. The idea alſo of un- " fortunate royalty had ſomething high- " ly intereſting and affecting in it, to " which his patience, at once dignified " and chearful, gave additional claims. " Her heart melted for the unhappy " prince, and that ſentiment ſoon made " way for love to the amiable man.

" Long ere the tongue of James had " diſcloſed his paſſion, his eyes had " betrayed the ſecret; and the duke " was not ſurpriſed when that prince, " in the confidence of friendſhip, ac- " quainted him with it, and beſought " his intereſt with his charming ſiſter.

" Things

" Things were in this ſtate, when " there apppeared in the regency of " England a diſpoſition for the releaſe " of our king. The duke of Somerſet " had ſounded the inclinations of his " ſiſter, and found them very far from " averſe to James. She loved him as " an amiable man; but the circum- " ſtance of royalty could not be ſup- " poſed ungrateful to either her or her " brother; for, deſcended from a race " of kings, neither were without the " ambition of their family; and Somer- " ſet was not deficient in efforts to bind " the diadem on the head of Jane. He " enforced in the council the expe- " diency of diſmiſſing James in friend- " ſhip to his kingdom, making a laſt- " ing peace with him, and farther ce- " menting it by wedding him to an " Engliſh lady of the blood royal.

" Convinced before of the neceſſity " of doing it, to prevent France from

" receiving

" receiving ſuch an acceſſion of ſtrength
" as the Scottiſh army afforded, the
" additional hint of marriage was re-
" ceived with approbation by all, par-
" ticularly by the duke of Glouceſter,
" who ſat as regent, in the abſence
" of his brother of Bedford, then in
" France.

" Where all parties ſo readily co-
" incided in one point, preliminaries
" were not long adjuſting. James re-
" ceived the propoſals with tranſport,
" for Jane of Somerſet was the lady
" named. The Scotch, who eagerly
" deſired the return of the king, were
" written to:—ſafe conduct was given
" to commiſſioners, who inſtantly ſet
" out for London, to ſettle the terms of
" deliverance:—they were ſettled to
" ſatisfaction of all parties.—James eſ-
" pouſed the beloved of his heart, and
" they proceeded with great pomp to

" take

" take poſſeſſion of the long vacated
" throne.

" Alas! too ſoon the royal pair diſ-
" covered, that the high honours they
" went to receive were not without
" their more than proportionate ſhare
" of pain; and that in the jewels of the
" diadem were intermixt many lacera-
" ting thorns. The reins of govern-
" ment had been held ſo looſely by
" the weak and timid hand of Mur-
" doc, that all order was become in-
" tolerable; the royal prerogative ſo
" encroached upon, that little was left
" but the name of monarch; while the
" haughty and independent barons, at
" the head of their numerous clans, en-
" joyed all its powers.

" Arduous and ungrateful was the
" taſk of reſtoring the government to
" its ancient equilibrium, and the ef-
" forts of James, without effecting the

" purpoſe, rendered him univerſally
" unpopular. The lower ranks of his
" ſubjects, habituated to a licentious
" and uncontrouled freedom, ſpurned
" at all order, and deteſted equally the
" law, and thoſe who would have en-
" forced its obſervance; while the
" higher ranks beheld with malignity
" an attempt to circumſcribe their au-
" thority, and filled the kingdom with
" confuſion by their cabals.

" This general diſcontent was greatly
" heightened by the arts of Walter,
" earl of Athol, a younger brother of
" the late king, who poſſeſſed all the
" baneful ambition and miſchievous ta-
" lents of the duke of Albany, and
" hoped, by fomenting the public diſ-
" cord, to follow his example, and ſeize
" the royal authority. He ſuggeſted,
" that the king was graſping at arbi-
" trary power; and every exerciſe of
" his legal prerogative, every enforce-
" ment

" ment of the law upon offences the
" moſt atrocious, was maliciouſly re-
" preſented by him to the jealous nobles
" as ſo many proofs of that deſign.

" For ſome years did the king ſtrug-
" gle with theſe difficulties. At length
" his patience and perſeverance evi-
" dently gained ground:—the nobles
" began to be convinced by experience,
" that he aimed at the attainment of
" no more than his legitimate autho-
" rity; the influence of the earl of
" Athol diminiſhed; and James had
" procured a creature of his, by name
" Greme, who had often acted as an
" incendiary, in ſtirring up the rabble
" to ſedition, to be outlawed for an
" accumulation of the moſt conſummate
" villainy.

" Athol, enraged at the puniſhment
" of his favourite, and perceiving his
" own approaching diſgrace in the
" growing

" growing popularity of James, deter-
" mined by the blackeſt treaſon to
" prevent it.

" The palace of Perth was the ge-
" neral ſummer-reſidence of the royal
" family; but it wanting ſome repairs,
" the king and queen, with a ſmall
" retinue, had removed to a convent
" of Dominicans in that town. I at
" that time attended the queen, who
" did me the honour of diſtinguiſhing
" me with peculiar favour; and her
" courteouſneſs, her affability, her ſweet-
" neſs of manners, had attached my
" youthful heart to her with the moſt
" fervent affection.

" One fatal evening, the king and
" queen being in bed, I retired into my
" own apartment, which was next
" their's; and finding in myſelf no in-
" clination to ſleep, inſtead of undreſ-
" ſing myſelf, I opened the window of

" my

" my chamber, which looked into the
" convent garden, for a little air, the
" weather being very hot; and placing
" my chair near it, ſeated myſelf, to
" enjoy the refreſhment of the evening
" breeze, and the ſcent of ſome fragrant
" ſhrubs which grew under the win-
" dow.

" Inſenſibly I fell into a fit of mu-
" ſing—ſhall I confeſs the ſubject?—a
" young nobleman, who had perſuaded
" me to give my heart in exchange for
" his, was then in the French army—
" imperfect intelligence had that day
" been received of a recent engage-
" ment, the uncertainty of his fate oc-
" cupied painfully my thoughts, and
" my ſoul was filled with the moſt cruel
" preſages.

" The glancing of ſome light, and
" a whiſpering in the garden, awoke
" me

" me from my reverie, and excited my
" curioſity. I put out my candle that
" I might liſten unperceived. I could
" diſtinguiſh nothing but a kind of
" buſtle, ſeveral people ſeemed to ſteal
" along the garden, and enter the room
" immediately under mine.

" I became now greatly alarmed;—
" the unſeaſonable hour for buſineſs
" in a convent—the ſtudied ſecrecy—
" the whiſpers—were all circumſtances
" of ſuſpicion, and wore a terrifying
" aſpect; and I determined inſtantly to
" acquaint my royal patrons with my
" fearful apprehenſions. As I haſtily
" approached the bed, the queen, who
" was awake, put by the curtain—
" What is the matter, Douglas?—ſaid
" ſhe with her uſual ſweetneſs.

" I fear treaſon, madam.—People
" have been walking in the garden with
" ſtudious

" ſtudious precaution:—they have en-
" tered the convent, and—goodGod!—
" I hear them approaching—"

" I ran to ſecure the door, which
" had a very large iron bolt acroſs it—
" I ſhivered with horror when I found
" it gone; for by that circumſtance I
" was convinced, not only that treaſon
" was intended, but alſo that ſome of
" the domeſtics were engaged in the
" conſpiracy. I heard the approach of
" ſeveral footſteps, treading as light as
" poſſible—there was no time for barri-
" cading the door, and no other me-
" thod ſuggeſted itſelf to my hurried
" thoughts, to give the king a mo-
" ment's leiſure for his defence, than to
" oppoſe myſelf to the entrance of the
" conſpirators. I thruſt my hand into
" the iron loop in which the bolt ſhould
" have fallen, and endeavoured by my
" arm to ſupply its place.

" In

" In that moment, an attempt was
" made at the door.—Love for my
" ſovereigns gave me unwonted ſtrength
" —with my arm, and my whole weight,
" I for a ſhort time obſtructed the
" entrance of the wretches.—Alas! it
" was but protracting for a few mo-
" ments the fate of the devoted victim!
" one violent effort overcame the feeble
" barrier;—my wriſt was broken and
" ſhattered,—my arm cruſhed,—and I
" was thrown with incredible force to
" the farther end of the room. Athol
" entered, with a ſword drawn in his
" hand, followed by a choſen band
" of villains, among whom was the out-
" lawed Greme.

" The little reſiſtance I had made,
" enabled the king to ſeize his ſword,
" and with unparalleled bravery he at-
" tempted to defend himſelf. With his
" back againſt the wall he ſtood, and

" laid

" laid ſeveral of the aſſailants dead at
" his feet, but it was not without re-
" ceiving many wounds; ſo that weak-
" ened by the loſs of blood, and over-
" powered by numbers, he fell.—
" Whilſt the diſtracted queen thruſt
" herſelf between him and the ſwords
" of the aſſaſſins, and was dreadfully
" wounded in ſeveral places.

" Oh, madam, the horrid ſcene
" which I then beheld!—for my ſhat-
" tered limb, by its excruciating pain,
" rendered me unable to add my feeble
" aſſiſtance, and conſtrained me to be
" an agonized ſpectator.—Never,—
" never—can I forget it. The dying
" prince, ſinking under the ſwords of
" the conſpirators—the blood guſhing
" in torrents from a multitude of wounds
" —the queen with looks of agony,
" wounded, bleeding—yet inſenſible of
" her own hurts, oppoſing herſelf to
" the ſwords of the ruffians, as a ſhield

" to

" to her invaluable huſband;—and " when torn from him by their rude, " remorſeleſs hands, kneeling, with " ſtreaming eyes, and hands uplifted, " to implore for him that pity they were " incapable of feeling—whilſt they, " with countenances of horrid eager- " neſs, and eyeballs glaring with dia- " bolical joy, regarded her not; but " preſſed before each other to ſatiate " their furious revenge, and by re- " peated ſtabs of the expiring prince, " dip their hands deep in the crimſon " current."

" Thus Madam,"—added the lady Douglas after a pauſe, occaſioned by her own tears, which ſhe could not reſtrain, and in which ſhe had been accompanied by Edward and our heroine—even Margaret wiped her eyes—" thus " madam, periſhed James the firſt. In " his youth he eſcaped by a long cap- " tivity, the dark machinations of one

" relentleſs

" relentleſs uncle; and in his maturity
" fell by the diſappointed ambition of
" another. And this, madam, is the
" hiſtory of my wounded arm. I am
" vain of ſcars acquired in endeavour-
" ing to defend my royal maſter. Feeble
" indeed was the attempt, but it was all
" I had power to accompliſh.—What
" felicity, could I have been enabled
" by the ſacrifice of my own life, to have
" inſured his!"

The Scottiſh lady received from Margaret thoſe encomiums which were ſo juſtly her due. Edward ſpoke his delighted approbation; whilſt the forcible and elegant language of Eleanor diſcloſed how enthuſiaſtically ſhe felt the merit of the loyal and ſpirited action.

CHAP. VI.

IT was now no longer a ſecret where Margaret had taken refuge. The northern lords, who were moſt of them in the intereſt of the houſe of Lancaſter, reſorted to her, and the proſpect of being aſſiſted by their influence, determined her once more to try her fate in England. Her journey thither was accelerated by an order which ſhe received, ſigned by Henry himſelf, to repair inſtantly to London, for ſhe knew it to be the work of the duke of York, and penetrated the purpoſe it was meant to ſerve.

Richard

Richard had not more abſolutely poſſeſſed himſelf of the perſon of Henry, than of the mind of that prince; who perhaps found in the ſtudious civility with which York and all his party behaved to him, a dominion more tolerable than that of Margaret and her favourites, by whom he was often treated with but little ceremony. The ſouthern parts of England were in tranquillity. The party of Lancaſter ſeemed to be broken, and the duke held the reins of ſovereignty, though without the title: but ſtill his chiefs deemed him inſecure from the active genius and ſpirit of Margaret;—they perſuaded him to find ſome pretence of impriſoning her perſon, or baniſhing her the kingdom; and no method ſeemed ſo proper, as an order from the king's own hand, commanding her immediate preſence; which would reduce her to this dilemma—her *obedience* would throw her entirely into their

power—her *diſobedience* would evince a rebellious oppoſition to her huſband and ſovereign, and warrant the moſt violent meaſures againſt her.

Margaret penetrated the whole deſign—it filled her ſoul with redoubled rage againſt its author; and ſecretly, in the depth of her heart, ſhe vowed the ſevereſt vengeance on York, ſhould fortune ever put him in her power. She however thought it neceſſary to conceal her reſentment from the meſſenger of the Engliſh court, from whom ſhe artfully drew all the particulars of the preſent government, and learnt with what abſolute ſway York directed all things—"Inform my lord," ſaid ſhe, "that I "will obey his command, with all the "duty which I owe him, both as my "huſband and my ſovereign—and tell "him I will to-morrow begin my journey "towards London."

The

The ſtimulus of reſentment added to Margaret's active ſpirit, and enabled her to keep her word; all things by the next morning were in readineſs for her journey; ſhe took a haſty leave of her friends, and left Scotland, accompanied, as uſual, by the prince and the minſtrel. She was met on the borders by three lords wardens of the marches; the earl of Northumberland undertook to eſcort her through his own province, and ſhe was lodged, the firſt night of entering that county, at his ſtately caſtle of Alnwick.

The next day, by the direction of the earl, the principal inhabitants of the town of Alnwick waited upon the queen. She, who knew well how to ſoften the natural violence of her character, by the moſt gentle demeanor and inſinuating courteouſneſs, received the good mayor and his brethren with ſo much ſweetneſs of affability, painted to them ſo pathe-

tically the miſerable and dependant ſtate of their ſovereign, preſented the prince to them in ſo intereſting and affecting a manner, that ſhe excited in them an enthuſiaſm of admiration for herſelf, and affection for her cauſe. They promiſed the moſt active exertions in raiſing men for her army; Margaret, in return, was no niggard in aſſurances of reward; and her indignation for the defection of her ſouthern ſubjects, led her even to promiſe that her northern friends ſhould be allowed to pillage all England to the ſouthward of the Trent.

Theſe golden lures drew, in a very ſhort time, multitudes to her ſtandard; and ſtill to ſtrengthen her intereſt by the faſcination of her preſence, the earl of Northumberland conducted her from Alnwick to his caſtle of Warkworth, ſo delightfully ſeated on the banks of the river Coquet, and commanding, from its bold ſituation, ſo glorious a view of

the

the adjacent country, bounded by the ocean.

Here the inhabitants of the town, led by their mayor, were alſo introduced; and here alſo Margaret gave proofs of her addreſs. Her careſſes, her promiſes, wrought every effect ſhe could wiſh; ſhe moulded every heart to her purpoſe, and aſſiſted by a proſpect of the ſpoils of the proſcribed provinces, her army was recruited in great multitudes, with a celerity which was neither expected by her friends, nor in the leaſt apprehended by her enemies.

To a mind agitated by rage and a deſire of revenge, and loaded with the innumerable cares and reſtleſs paſſions which occupied that of Margaret, the ſuperb caſtle of Warkworth and its environs had no charms; but our heroine, whoſe mind was alive to all the beauties of nature and art, beheld them with ad-

miration, and wandered through them with rapture. Whilſt Margaret and her noble hoſt were buſied in warlike preparation, Eleanor and her young patron, with only the guard of one ſtout ſoldier, (ſuch was the attachment of the country to the royal cauſe, that no more was deemed requiſite,) traced the mazes of the grove, courſed the winding river, or walked along the pebbly beach of the ocean.

The weather, though autumn was far advanced, was favorable for theſe excurſions. Its chill hand had embrowned the foliage of the woods; but the eye of taſte, in the varied and rich tints, diſcerned more beauties than in the general undiſtinguiſhing emerald of ſummer.

One beautiful evening Eleanor and her royal companion had taken a longer ramble than uſual; they had traced the river in its progreſs round the caſtle, and

and followed its waving and enamelled banks towards the ſea, allured by the varying proſpects, and liſtening to the ſong of the red-breaſt.

Eleanor had repeatedly warned the prince of the length of the way, and reminded him they had the ſame ſteps to trace back ere they regained the caſtle. His inclination was always ſuffered to govern, and he was not to be perſuaded to return, till, as they came near the mouth of the river, the wind ſuddenly roſe, and the ſky became enveloped in clouds; there happened to be no moon, and the twilight at that time of year is very inconſiderable, ſo that it grew almoſt inſtantly dark, and to add to the calamity, a violent ſhower of rain deſcended in torrents on them.

Neither Eleanor nor the ſoldier thought of themſelves; they were uneaſy only for their precious charge whilſt he,

perceiving their fears on his account, young as he was, yet beyond his years conſiderate and ſenſible, made light of their ſituation, laughed at their apprehenſions, and declared himſelf pleaſed with the adventure. "Of what," ſaid he, "Jaſper, ſhould we be afraid? we "will wait under a tree till the ſtorm "is over, and then if it is ever ſo dark, "we can diſcern the river, which will "be a certain guide to the caſtle."

They ſeated themſelves under a large ſpreading tree, which grew near the river, and which in the ſummer would have afforded them ſufficient ſhelter; but now the winds acted ſo roughly on its withering foliage, that they were ſoon covered, not only with rain, but alſo with a ſhower of wet leaves. The ſtorm continued unabatingly, and the ſky became in a ſhort time involved in almoſt pitchy darkneſs, ſo that not even the river was to be diſcerned; and to add

add to the horror of the prince and Eleanor, the ſoldier, who was reſtleſs, and could not be perſuaded to ſit ſtill, went too near the bank of the river, which was in that place very ſteep: the earth broke in with him, and he was ſuddenly plunged into the ſtream.

The conſternation of Edward and the minſtrel was unſpeakable; they made the night air reſound with their reiterated cries, and were frightened at the reverberation of their voices along the rocks. It was impoſſible to attempt his aſſiſtance—they were ignorant if he could ſwim—they liſtened, and were ſomewhat conſoled at hearing the daſhing of water at a diſtance; but the pleaſure was tranſient.—"Alas!" cried Eleanor, "he will be carried by the "rapidity of the ſtream into the ſea."

They cried out to him—no one anſwered—again they eagerly liſtened—

the ſound of the daſhing water died on their ear. They expreſſed to each other a thouſand anxieties, and poured out as many prayers for him.

Suddenly they eſpied a light towards the ſea; the prince, too young for caution, was for running inſtantly towards it; but Eleanor, more wary, recollecting that ſhe had never that way ſeen any ſigns of a human habitation, imagined that it might be an exhalation from the low marſhy land, and deemed it more prudent to ſtand ſtill and obſerve it.

Sometimes it appeared ſtationary ſometimes they fancied it moved towards them; and ſometimes its beams were hidden from their direct view, but they perceived a long ſtream of light trembling acroſs the water: at length its ſize perceptibly increaſed, and they plainly ſaw it advancing.

Eleanor

Eleanor was naturally timid; but the more intrepid ſpirit of the prince endeavoured to ſupport her; he wrapped his little arms about her as ſhe ſtood.—"Fear nothing," ſaid he, "my dear "Jaſper."—The fears of Jaſper were however too potent for her ſtrength, and ſhe ſunk to the wet earth, half dead with apprehenſion; the prince knelt down by her, and both waited, with their eyes fixed upon the light, its tremendous approach.

In a few moments they could diſtinguiſh the figure of a man, tall beyond the uſual ſtandard, clad in a hermit's gown, with a beard as white as ſnow, which deſcended to his girdle, and long ſilver locks waving on his ſhoulders; he marched with a ſlow ſolemn pace, and carried a large lanthorn in his hand, which he turned all ways to diſcover from whence the ſcreams proceeded, and was cloſe to our young adventurers before

before he perceived them, for aſtoniſhment had held the prince mute, fear Eleanor. Suddenly he turned his lanthorn full upon them—they jumpt from the ground, and viewed one another with mutual ſurprize.

"Was it from you," ſaid he, "thoſe "cries proceeded which lately met mine "ears?"

"Alas! yes, father," replied Eleanor, "and we had too much reaſon "for them—a man who was with us, "going too near the brink of the river, "fell in, and we fear is drowned."

"In what part of the river?"

"Oppoſite where we now ſtand."

The hermit turned his lanthorn on the water in every direction, but could diſcern nothing. "Your remaining "here,

" here," ſaid he, " can be of no benefit
" to your companion;—the town is
" at ſome diſtance—you appear weary,
" and another ſtorm is coming up—go
" with me to my cell;—you may there
" dry your wet clothes, reſt yourſelves,
" partake my ſimple fare, and either
" ſtay the remainder of the night, or
" depart, if the weather clears, as beſt
" pleaſes you."

" Alas, Jaſper! my mother"—exclaimed the prince—" ſhe will be greatly
" alarmed."

" You muſt not diſcover yourſelf," whiſpered Eleanor.—" She will," ſaid ſhe aloud, " be, without doubt, greatly
" alarmed; but not the *more* if we
" accept this good man's invitation, for
" we ſhall then be probably in a place of
" ſafety; and we cannot find the town,
" if we attempt it, in this exceſſive
" darkneſs."

" Follow

" Follow me then," ſaid the hermit. He led on; whilſt Edward, locking his arm in Eleanor's, followed cloſe behind. But their ſurpriſe was great, when they perceived he led them towards the ſea, on a part of the beach where they particularly remembered never to have ſeen the leaſt veſtige of an habitation.

He paſt amidſt ſome rugged and bare rocks, to the place where the river pours its tributary water to the ſovereign ocean:—ſtooping down, he entered, by a lowly door, a cavity in one of them, and with aſtoniſhment they perceived themſelves in a very neat apartment, hollowed archwiſe out of the rock, and its ſides not inelegantly decorated with pillars, in the gothic ſtile of architecture.

" Welcome, youths, to my ruſtic " cell," ſaid the hermit, taking the taper out of the lanthorn, and placing it

it upon a ſmall table in a candleſtick; "you are cold without doubt; I will "mend my fire."

He ſtirred up the embers, and laid on ſome wood—"Come and dry your-"ſelves," ſaid he, "whilſt I ſet an "anchorite's repaſt before you."

He ſpread a clean cloth on his table, and ſet thereon a brown loaf, a cream cheeſe on a large dock leaf, on a ſmaller one a piece of butter, a ruſh baſket of apples and nuts, and a jug of pure water; and he preſſed his viands upon them—ſuch as they were, he ſaid—with an honeſt and cordial warmth.

The prince, with the happy thoughtleſſneſs of his time of life, jumpt with alacrity to the table, and delighted at a manner of eating ſo new to him, evinced an exceeding good appetite, preſſing Jaſper to follow his example: but the mind

mind of our heroine was occupied too unpleaſingly to leave any reliſh for food. She however ſat down, and ate a little; whilſt the hermit, with looks of wonder, ſurveyed them both;—the richneſs of their apparel—their extreme beauty—the ſingularity of ſtrangers, of their age and ſeeming condition, being alone at that time of night in ſuch a place, excited his wonder, and awakened his curioſity.

Edward made a long meal, chattering all the time; crying up the ſuperior ſweetneſs of brown bread to white; proteſting that cream cheeſe from a dock leaf was delicious, and that it greatly improved the flavour of the butter: "never," ſaid he, "no never did I eat "any thing half ſo good as theſe are." He found the apples and nuts equally fine; even the water out of the coarſe jug had its ſhare of panegyric—for Edward was both hungry and dry.

He

He was ſtill eating: Eleanor, with her head reclined on her hand, ſat loſt in thought, and the hermit was ſurveying her features with eager curioſity, when they heard a great ſound of many voices in the meadow. Eleanor ſtarted, turned pale, and caſt an eye of ſuſpicion on the hermit;—ſhe feared leſt treaſon was abroad, and the prince betrayed. The hermit appeared alarmed;—he placed another taper in his lanthorn, and ran out. "Let us follow, my lord," ſaid Eleanor, taking hold of the prince's arm "if treaſon is intended, we may "eſcape through favour of the dark-"neſs."

They went out quick after him, leſt they ſhould miſs the path among the rocks; they followed him into the meadow, which they perceived ſpread with many people who carried lanthorns and torches; but they kept aloof till they plainly heard the authoritative voice of their

their noble hoſt, the earl of Northumberland;—they then, guided by the lights which ſurrounded him, ran towards him.

"Do you ſeek *me*, my lord?" ſaid Edward.

"Heaven, I thank thee!" exclaimed the earl, "for directing our ſteps "aright! What anxiety hath your ab- "ſence cauſed, my lord! Scarcely "could your royal mother be withheld "from ſeeking you herſelf.—Fly," ſaid he, to one of his attendants—"fly, and "inform the queen we have found the "prince in health and ſafety. We "began to be alarmed for your abſence, "my lord; but how were our appre- "henſions increaſed, when the ſoldier "acquainted us with your danger, ſo "near the river, and ſo near the ſea, in "the dark, and in the ſtorm!"

"The

"The ſoldier!" cried Eleanor, "is "he then alive?"—The ſoldier at that moment came up. "Oh, Anthony!" ſhe cried," how tranſported I am to ſee you!"

"And I," ſaid Anthony, "am as "much tranſported to ſee you and my "honoured prince in ſafety.—I was a "little unſenſed by my ſudden ſouſe into "the ſtream: and having ſwallowed "a pretty deal of water, it took away "my ſpeech, but not my ſtrength. I "can ſwim well, and daſhing away "pretty faſt, I caught hold of ſome "twigs upon the oppoſite ſhore; but I "fancy at ſome diſtance, for I could "hear no anſwer to my repeated calls, to "let you know I was ſafe, and the wind "I fancy was contrary—ſo I thought it "better to make my way with as much "expedition as poſſible to the caſtle, "and tell the queen of your ſituation, "that you might have lights and guides "to conduct you ſafe."

"Thanks

" Thanks to your care, my good " Anthony," ſaid Edward, " your ſer- " vices ſhall not go unrewarded."

" Now," ſaid the earl, " let us go " home as faſt as poſſible."

" Will your lordſhip give us leave " firſt," ſaid Eleanor, " to make our " acknowledgements, and bid adieu to " the kind perſon who conducted us to " the ſhelter of his roof?"

" By all means," replied the earl— " but I know of no houſe near this " place."

The hermit was ſtanding juſt behind. —Eleanor ſaw him—ſhe ſtept back, and took his hand;—" Receive," ſaid ſhe, " reverend father, our grateful thanks " for your hoſpitality; and permit me " to introduce you to this nobleman, the " great earl of Northumberland.—This, " my

" my lord, is the good father, in whoſe
" hermitage we received the kindeſt and
" moſt benevolent treatment."

" Will you accompany us to the caſ-
" tle, father?" ſaid the earl, " we can
" there expreſs our gratitude in a more
" acceptable manner than in words."

" I thank you, my lord," replied the hermit gravely, " but I have re-
" nounced all commerce with the world,
" and am ſufficiently recompenced for
" my little ſervices, by the pleaſure
" which will ever accompany a recol-
" lection of the incidents of this night.
" I account it felicity, to have en-
" tertained, in my humble cell, a ſon
" of the pious and good Henry. May
" the Almighty," added he, laying his hand lightly on the head of the prince, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, a large torch which gleamed on his face giving his whole venerable figure to the view—

" May

" May the Almighty diſpel thoſe clouds
" which ſurround thy houſe, heal the
" inteſtine broils which convulſe the
" boſom of thy bleeding country, adorn
" thy temples with a crown—not ſuch
" as thy father hath worn, of thorns—
" but a wreath of honor and glory—
" and mayeſt thou, a happy combina-
" tion of thy father's goodneſs, and thy
" mother's ſpirit, late deſcend to the
" tomb of thy royal anceſtors in peace
" —Farewell."

" For *thee*," added he, taking a hand of Eleanor, and putting it to his lips with great emotion, " whoever thou " art"—his words ſeemed to choak him —he gently hemmed and proceeded— " may the great God ſhower on thy " head his choiceſt bleſſings."—More he would have uttered, but ſeemed incapable. He preſſed the hand he held again to his lips, then to his boſom, ſuddenly dropt it, and hurried off.

The

His emotion, his action affected Eleanor, who meditated with aſtoniſhment upon it. They now took their way with expedition to the caſtle—need I ſay they were received by Margaret with tranſport? She could not help mingling ſome reproaches, glancing at our heroine, with her congratulations on the ſafety of her ſon; but Edward would not ſuffer the leaſt blame to reſt on his favorite—he fully exculpated her; and harmony was perfectly reſtored.

CHAP. VII.

BY this time intelligence was received in London of Margaret's appearance in the north; but the numbers which reſorted to her were ſo far from being exaggerated by report, as is uſual, that the duke of York regarded it as a petty inſurrection, which he determined to quell in perſon; and for that purpoſe ſet out from London, with the earl of Saliſbury, and about five thouſand men only; leaving orders for his ſon, the earl of March, to conduct the reſt of the army into quarters of refreſhment in Wales, and afterwards join him in the northern provinces.

As

As he advanced, ſome flying reports reached him of the queen's ſucceſs in levying forces; but when he arrived in the vicinity of Wakefield, he received certain intelligence that ſhe was upon the full march to meet him, at the head of twenty thouſand men. It would have been madneſs to have encountered ſo unequal a force; he therefore, by the advice of Saliſbury, threw himſelf into his own caſtle of Sandal, which was ſituated in the neighbourhood, with an intention to remain there till the earl of March could advance to his aſſiſtance; for the queen had no artillery, and it was not probable that, without it, ſhe could make much impreſſion on the fortreſs, before he was re-inforced.

But this was cold and prudent counſel, which it was the intereſt of Margaret to provoke him not to purſue. She ſaw with tranſport the enemy of her houſe, the deſpoiler of her dignities, the author

of her baniſhment, her wanderings—the parent of a thouſand inquietudes, a thouſand mortifications—ſaw him withheld from her vengeance but by the thin barrier of a caſtle wall; and with infinite artifice ſhe ſpread all her toils to tempt him thence. Taunting meſſages were reiterated to pique him to come forth; and he was repeatedly told that all his former warlike glories were tarniſhed by thus taking ſhelter behind the walls of a fortreſs, and reſigning the palm of victory to a woman.

The ſpirit of York, warm and ardent in war, as moderate in peace, could ill brook the ridicule and inſults of Margaret; but the counſels of his chiefs, and his own remaining prudence, ſtill withheld him from meeting her in the field. The queen, finding he was not to be provoked, pretended to be wearied of the ſiege, and deſirous of getting to London; ſhe therefore put her army in motion,

motion, detached fifteen thouſand of her troops forward; but with orders, when they had reached a ſmall diſtance, to halt behind an eminence where they could not be ſeen from Sandal caſtle; part of them were to re-inforce her, if the duke could be brought to an engagement; and part wheel round, attack his rear, and cut off his retreat. She with her few forces, remained before the caſtle, and repeated her inſults.

The duke was completely deceived, as well as the veteran Saliſbury; the ſmall army poured from the caſtle, as they imagined to certain conqueſt; nor perceived the ſnare till they were too far entangled to recede; for the troops in ambuſcade, by a rapid movement, placed themſelves between the duke and the caſtle, and attacked his rear; whilſt the remainder of the detachment overwhelmed him in front.

Himſelf and Saliſbury, like two lions in the toils, indignant, furious, left no method untried which long converſe in arms, with the moſt daring courage which deſpair could ſuggeſt, to extricate themſelves; but in vain.—Overpowered by numbers, their veteran troops every where gave way—a general ſlaughter enſued: Saliſbury fell in the field; and York, by a more cruel deſtiny, was taken alive, and led to Margaret, to glut her furious revenge.

A tent had been pitched for the queen on an eminence where ſhe could view the battle, and ſhe had choſen to take Eleanor with her, very contrary to our heroine's inclinations, who would rather have remained with the prince; for he, being taken ill in the night, had been left in his tent, with a ſufficient guard to protect him. All the nobles were engaged in the purſuit of the routed army, and lord Clifford alone was with the queen,

queen, he, who in cold blood, after the battle, had murdered the earl of Rutland, ſecond ſon of York, and had brought the bloody tokens to Margaret, as an acceptable preſent to her ferocious ſpirit, he himſelf having vowed on the York family a vengeance almoſt equal to her own, in revenge for the death of his father, who was ſlain with many circumſtances of cruelty, at the battle of St. Albans. Clifford had juſt told his bloody tale to the queen and Eleanor, and was yet exulting in his inhumanity, when ſome ſoldiers led in the captive duke.

Margaret received him with ſavage rapture—her greedy and laughing eye devoured his features, and ran over him with horrid joy, as the object on which ſhe would ſatiate all the furies of her revenge. She gave her tongue an unbridled looſe to every ſcoff, taunt, and

expreſſion

expreſſion of ridicule, that a malignant and rancorous heart could ſuggeſt, and a poignant wit edge to lacerating keenneſs.—She ſet on his brows a paper crown, and in mock humility paid him the homage of majeſty;—and, to compleat his torments, ſhe toſt in his face an handkerchief, dipt in the blood of his favourite Rutland.

This was too much.—All the reſt he had borne with a ſilent and dignified fortitude, that blunted the ſhafts of her malignance—but this was ſtretching the rack beyond all human endurance.

He caught the handkerchief ere it fell—it was ſtill warm with the blood of his darling—he looked at it with unutterable anguiſh, and caſt his eyes up to heaven, whilſt his heart ſeemed burſting with agony. The ruthleſs queen and Clifford triumphed in having at laſt

diſcovered

diſcovered the avenue of torture to his ſoul.

Humanity would ſuffer too much were I to draw the ſcene at full length.—Suffice it then to ſay, that in words broken, convulſive, and at firſt ſcarcely articulate, he found expreſſion for his feelings; and retorted on his mercileſs perſecutors ſo forcible and pointed a reproof, that the queen, all pale with rage, had no other reply to make than by the point of her dagger, and was aſſiſted in the horrid anſwer by Clifford.

Like hungry tigers, eager and thirſting for blood, they flew on him, and by repeated ſtabs on his noble breaſt, brought him bleeding to the earth. He preſſed the precious relique of Rutland to his dying lips, and with a deep groan expired.

"Off with his head," cried the queen;
—"ſee that the crown be put upon
"it, and let it be placed on the
"gates of York, beſide that of the
"hoary-headed villain Saliſbury, that
"York may overlook York."

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT a ſcene was that which we exhibited in the laſt chapter, for an exquiſitely feeling mind to witneſs! Eleanor looked upon the queen with terror and abhorrence, and determined the firſt moment ſhe had an opportunity, to leave her for ever. An opportunity ſoon preſented itſelf for putting this reſolution in practice; for requeſting permiſſion to attend the prince, Margaret ſent orders by her, that if the weather continued mild, ſhe would have Edward remain where he was for a few days, as ſhe ſhould be entirely occupied in her military arrangements: for ſhe propoſed detaching part of the army under Jaſper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, half

half brother to the king, to encounter the earl of March; and with the remainder, ſhe intended, after a few days refreſhment, to proceed towards London.

This meſſage Eleanor delivered with ſome variation; for Margaret had deſired her to remain with the prince during his abſence from the army: but ſhe informed him, that the queen had commanded her preſence early in the morning.

When our heroine retired for the night, to the part of the tent allotted her, inſtead of going to bed, ſhe repoſed a ſhort time in a chair; and then, finding the moon ſhone clear and bright, whilſt a dead ſtillneſs reigned around, and that the ſentinels ſeemed ſleeping on their poſts; ſhe, a little before day-break, taking ſuch of her apparel as ſhe could conveniently diſpoſe of, and her valuables, and recommending herſelf to the protec-

tion

tion of the bleſſed virgin, ſlung ner harp by its chain on her ſhoulder, and ſallied forth, again a wanderer.

She paſſed the guard with eaſe, and reached without any difficulty the plain where the battle had been fought. The day was breaking, and its encreaſing light gave to her view a ſcene of horrors. Near three thouſand of the party of York ſtrewed this fatal field with their dead or wounded bodies; nor was the victory bloodleſs on the ſide of Lancaſter; it was night ere the ſlaughter—for ſo it might rather be called than a battle—was finiſhed, ſo that the wounded could not be ſought any more than the dead buried; and many, who by timely care might have been ſaved, periſhed miſerably by being expoſed all night to the froſty air—for the day of maſſacre was Chriſtmas-eve.

With unutterable anguiſh ſhe trod the bloody marſh; the dry ſoil drenched with human gore, yielded like paſte to her feet; whilſt the groans of the wounded and dying pierced her heart; many of whom, as ſhe paſſed them, implored the mercy of a friendly ſtroke, to cut the torturing ſtrings of life, and end their miſery.

With ſtreaming eyes, pale, cold, trembling—Eleanor had nearly reached the extent of this fatal plain, on the edge of which were ſome ſcattered cottages, when ſhe was alarmed at perceiving a party of ſoldiers advance from a lane on one ſide of it; and apprehenſive of being diſcovered by them, ſhe laid herſelf down by ſome dead and wounded bodies.

Sad ſociety! on her right hand lay one convulſed, and ſtruggling in the agonies

agonies of death: beſide him another juſt awoke from a long ſwoon, lifted his feeble eyes, without ſtrength to ſpeak; on her left two armed knights were extended on the earth one acroſs the other, as if ſlain in mutual conteſt; whoſe battered helmets having fallen from their heads, left their hair ſpread on the ground ſoaked and clotted with gore.

Fatal ſtrife! ſighed Eleanor to herſelf as ſhe beheld them. The animoſity of theſe knights has been reciprocally deſtructive—victor and vanquiſhed, alike in death! Who are they?—Heavens and earth! the features of Philip!

A gleam of ſatisfaction ſhot acroſs her breaſt—her enemy, her perſecutor was no more.—But the joy was too inhuman to be entertained—her ſoul ſhuddered at the ſenſation. She put her hand on his forehead—there was warmth—"My "God," ſhe cried, "he is *not* dead, "and

" and timely ſuccour might recover
" him! But ſhall I aſſiſt to recover
" him from death, whoſe life will con-
" tinue me a vagrant, a wanderer from
" my paternal abode? Were he dead,
" his father would have ſmall tempta-
" tion to be unjuſt. Moſt true, were
" he indeed dead;—but ſhall I turn
" deſtroyer? *I* murder him? For I
" eventually deſtroy him whom I have
" it in my power to ſave, and do not;
" and I can certainly procure aſſiſtance
" from thoſe cottages.—From his fatal
" paſſion, and his father's avarice, I
" have ſuffered, and may ſtill ſuffer the
" moſt complicated ills.—But what does
" our holy religion command?—To do
" good for evil!—When thy enemy
" hunger, ſays the Saviour of mankind,
" give him meat; when he thirſts give
" him drink. Are we commanded to
" perform the *leſſer* offices of humanity,
" and ſhall we be excuſed the omiſſion
" of the *greateſt?* Muſt we afford them

" what

" what is neceſſary to their exiſtence,
" yet deny them exiſtence itſelf?—It
" may not be—I may ſuffer by his re-
" covery, but it is my duty to attempt
" it. Oh, my God! accept this ſacri-
" fice of my heart—I perform what
" thou commandeſt, the reſt remain
" to thee."

She roſe, and perceiving that the ſoldiers who had alarmed her, filed off to a diſtant part of the field, ſhe ran to the neareſt cottage, rapped at the door, and no one anſwering, ſhe lifted up the latch by the leathern knot, and gave herſelf admittance.

Alas! its wretched inhabitants were too deeply immerſed in ſorrow to remark the intruſion. Upon the floor lay the breathleſs body of a man in the prime of life. Bending over it, appeared a venerable figure, now claſping together, in ſpeechleſs agony, his withered hands;

hands; now beating his miſerable boſom; now tearing his ſilver hair. Beſide it, upon the floor, ſat a young woman diſhevelled, pale, with looks of heart-felt anguiſh, yet tearleſs eyes; ſhe held one cold hand; ſhe kiſſed it; ſhe preſſed it to her throbbing boſom, heaving, and almoſt convulſed with ſhort and ſuffocating ſighs. At the farther end of the houſe ſat an aged female, her elbows upon a table which ſtood before her, her forehead reſting upon her claſped hands, whilſt the ſilent tears trickled from between her fingers.

For a few moments our heroine contemplated the affecting ſcene. The old man looked up—" Whoever thou art," he cryed, " behold the curſed effects " of our civil broils. I, wretch, blaſted " by heaven, have, in the battle of " yeſterday, killed my only ſon, be- " trothed to this damſel.—Alas! we " knew not each other till the fatal mo- " ment;

" ment; he came from Durham with
" the queen, I am a vaſſal of York."

The ſcene was too affecting; Eleanor cloſed the door on their wailings, and ſought in another cottage that aſſiſtance theſe could not afford her. There ſhe beheld a ſcene of the ſame kind, though not equally diſtreſſing; a ſon had, by a ſimilar chance, wounded deſperately his aged father; but his eagerneſs to repair the miſchief, had procured him the immediate aſſiſtance of an old man, their neighbour, who was deemed a ſkilful leech. He had examined the wounds, and gladdened the ſon's heart with an aſſurance they were not mortal; ſo that when Eleanor appeared, ſhe found them at leiſure to attend to her tale, and ready to aſſiſt her. The leech not only offered his medical abilities, but alſo his houſe for her wounded friend; and the young man

man went with them to the field to aſſiſt from thence with the dead body.

Arrived there, it became neceſſary to remove the opponent of Philip, who lay acroſs him, and whoſe face being turned to the earth, Eleanor had not ſeen. Very little ceremony was uſed in this removal, for the body was rolled off upon its back;—but, good heaven! what were the emotions of Eleanor, when caſting her eyes upon it, ſhe diſcerned the features of St. Maur.—"Tell me," ſaid ſhe eagerly to the leech, "is this "man dead?"

"Dead, young maſter!" he replied, feeling the pulſes about the forehead, "yes; he is as ſtark dead as my grand-"father, who hath been in his grave "theſe fifty years." She gave a heavy ſigh. They took up the body of Philip, and carried him to the old man's cottage, whither ſhe followed. But it being neceſſary

neceſſary to take off his armour, and ſtrip him, ſhe left the leech and the young man to perform that office, and again went to the fatal ſpot where lay St. Maur.

She ſat down upon the earth by him, and endeavoured to contemplate the well known features—her eyes were too miſty —ſhe wiped them, but ſtill they were the ſame.—Her heart ſmote her for the indulgence of theſe tears.—" They are " ſhed for the aſſaſſin of my father," ſhe cried—" for the deſtroyer of my mo- " ther—Ah let me wipe them for ever " from mine eyes, for they reproach my " filial affection. Thou haſt received " from the hand of Philip thy juſt pu- " niſhment, St. Maur,—and from thy " greatly offended God art now—O " horror, horror!—and *art* thou under- " going torments unutterable—uncea- " ſing—*never* ending? O God!— " gracious and merciful Lord God! " pardon,

" pardon, O pardon him—mitigate his " puniſhments."—Her ſobs almoſt ſuffocated her, and impeded her words, as on her knees, with ſtreaming and uplifted eyes, and ſupplicating hands, by the ſide of the armed corpſe, ſhe fervently implored the mercy of heaven.

At length ſhe roſe. " Shall I have " compaſſion on the *body* of Philip," ſhe cried, " and ſhall I evince none, St. " Maur, for thy poor ſuffering *ſoul?* I " will do all in my power. Thou ſhalt " have a grave in hallowed ground, and " the church ſhall, by its prayers, relieve " thy torments."

She hurried back to the cottage, where ſhe found Philip had been recovered to ſenſation, and his wounds examined, none of which ſeemed to be mortal, or even dangerous, except one upon his head, which the old man imagined by the violence of the blow when he

he received it, ſtunned him, and occaſioned that appearance of death; but if, he ſaid, there were no fracture in the ſcull —and he rather imagined there was none—he would in a very ſhort time do exceeding well.

Eleanor left the leech buſied about Philip, and calling the young man aſide, ſhe perſuaded him to undertake carrying the body of St. Maur to Grafton, in Northamptonſhire, and delivering it to ſir Richard Wodeville's family, for ſhe concluded that the ducheſs with her daughters remained there, though ſir Richard and his ſons were in the queen's army.

And ſo active was ſhe, and ſo did ſhe impel the young man by her arguments, and the more perſuaſive rhetoric of gold, that, committing his father to the care of the leech, our heroine alſo promiſing to ſee that he wanted for nothing till his ſon's return, he in a few hours had

placed the body of St. Maur in a cart, and was on his journey. Eleanor in a diſguiſed hand had written by him to the ducheſs, acquainting her with the crimes of her kinſman, and intreating in the ſtrongeſt and moſt energetic manner, as ſhe regarded his everlaſting welfare, to have maſſes ſaid, and every rite performed which the church held effectual to procure pardon for his offences.

But not content with this, ſhe went to the pariſh prieſt of the village, and, by a liberal preſent, engaged him to perform every thing which he deemed requiſite for the important purpoſe.

Satisfied with having to her utmoſt abilities diſcharged the duties of religion and humanity, a complacence ſpread itſelf over the mind of Eleanor to which it had been long a ſtranger. She ventured into the preſence of Philip, though

with

with conſiderable fear, leſt he ſhould diſcover her through her diſguiſe; but ſhe found him dozing, ſtupid, and almoſt inſenſible to what paſſed about him.

She now had ſome leiſure to think of herſelf, and for the firſt time reflected, that though the day was cloſing, ſhe had not yet broken her faſt. Some homely proviſions were ſet before her, to which hunger gave a reliſh; and the leech conducted her to a little cabin, with a bed, next the chamber of Philip, where ſhe could faſten herſelf in. She had informed him ſhe was under a neceſſity, as well as the wounded knight, of being ſecreted from the queen's army, which were ranging round the country; and he, profeſſing himſelf of York's party, gave her the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of ſafety and good faith.

The next morning Philip was perfectly ſenſible, and ſo aſtoniſhingly

mended, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he was kept in bed, which his hoſt deemed abſolutely neceſſary. Eleanor attended him, ſtill in dread of diſcovery; but to her infinite ſatisfaction perceived, that ſo greatly had the changing her complexion and the colour of her hair, particularly of her eyebrows, altered her, that though her features ſeemed to ſtrike him, and her voice to make a wonderful impreſſion on him, yet he had not the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of her being any other than ſhe appeared; he ſaw nothing but the minſtrel, and in that minſtrel his deliverer from an otherwiſe certain death.

This young man, with the moſt impetuous temper and uncontroulable paſſions, which rendered his manners unamiable, poſſeſſed the higheſt ſenſe of honour, generoſity, and gratitude; his ſoul, a ſtranger to the art and cunning of his father, knew no diſguiſe; but he

he boldly avowed every ſentiment of his heart in the moſt unqualified and unequivocal language, and loved and hated with equal openneſs and fervor.

He had adored Eleanor and deteſted St. Maur; but neither to gain the one nor rid himſelf of the other, would he have done deliberately an unjuſt or ungenerous action; and his father had carefully concealed from him his various artifices to poſſeſs himſelf of Eleanor's fortune. To Philip, therefore, her withdrawing herſelf appeared merely the reſult of her averſion to him; an averſion which, though he deeply deplored, yet, left to the workings of his own mind, he would, could he have found her, have conducted her freely to her caſtle, and diſdained to have perſecuted her any more with his paſſion.

Of theſe ſentiments, in the character of the minſtrel, ſhe ſoon became acquainted

quainted; for as Philip felt the obligation ſhe had conferred with all the energy of his character, and was charmed with her converſation and manner, he entered into an entire confidence with her, diſcloſed every ſecret of his heart, and was never happy in her abſence.

She had now an opportunity of diſcovering his character entirely. She beheld the real workings of his ſoul through the diſguſting roughneſs of his exterior, and frequently aſked herſelf whether it would not be much the beſt conduct ſhe could now purſue, to diſcover herſelf to him, and accept him as an huſband. But though ſhe eſteemed him as a friend, ſhe felt an unſurmountable repugnance to placing him in a tenderer relation; and ſhe preferred the wanderings of her vagrant life and uncertain ſubſiſtence, to wealth, titles, ſplendor, with Philip for an huſband, and St. Julian for a father.

END OF VOL. I.

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